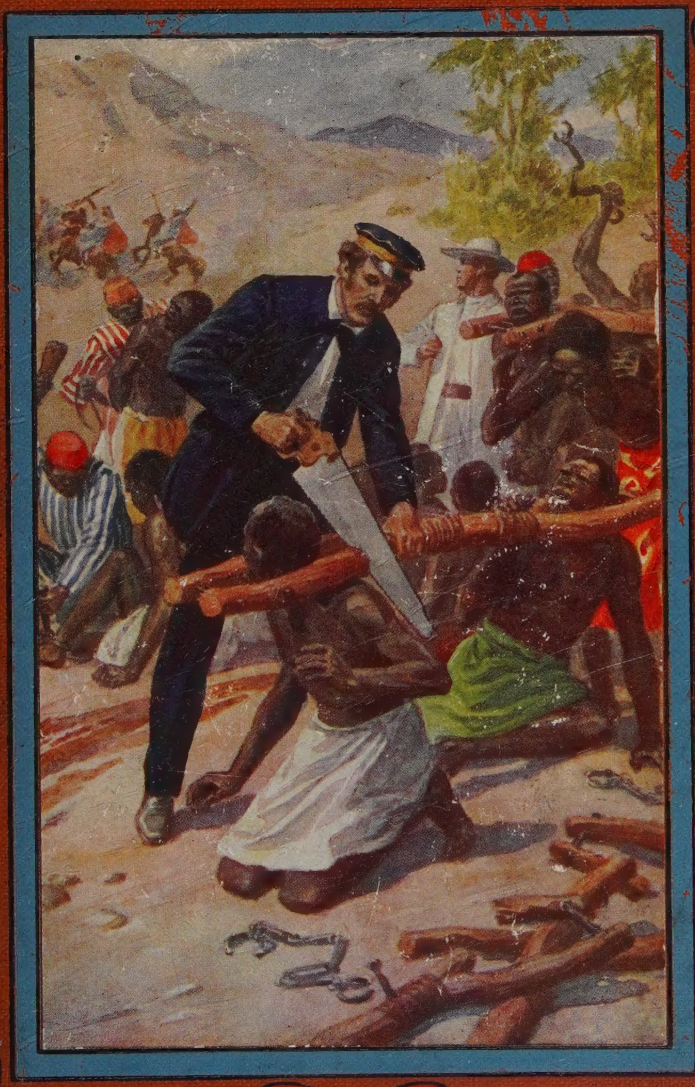
LIVINGSTONE
THE HERO OF AFRICA



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Punch, 25*th April* 1874.

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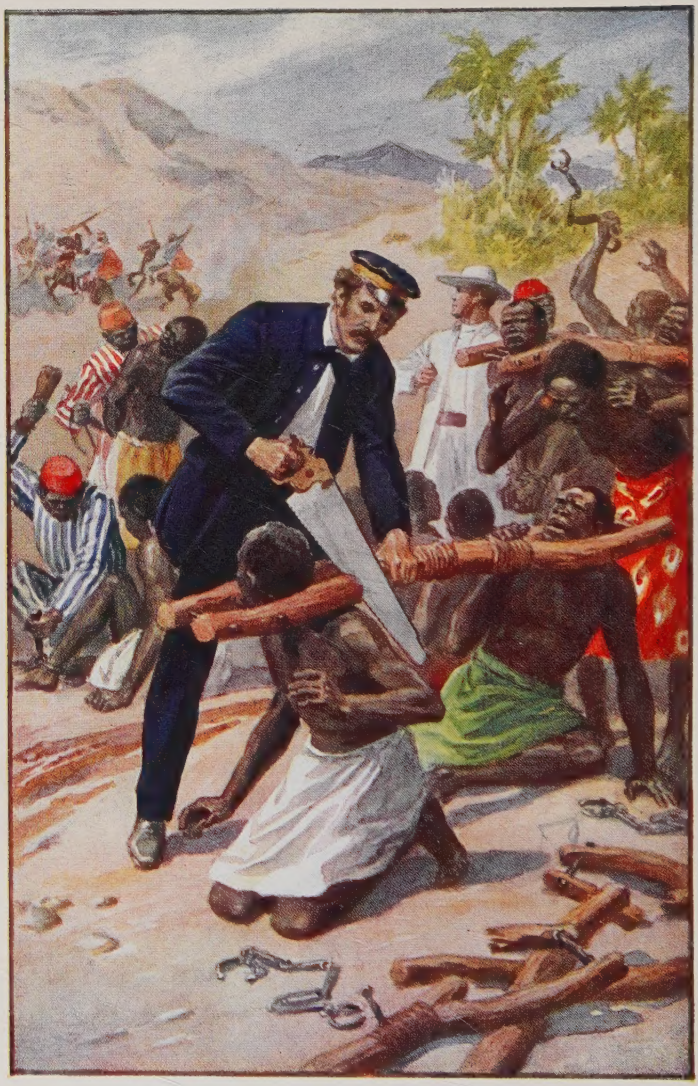

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WHOSE WORK & ADVENTURES

WERE EVER CARRIED OUT IN THE TRUE

LIVINGSTONE SPIRIT

AND WHO WAS KILLED IN ACTION AT THE AGE OF 65

FIGHTING FOR THE FREEDOM OF

LIVINGSTONE'S AFRICA

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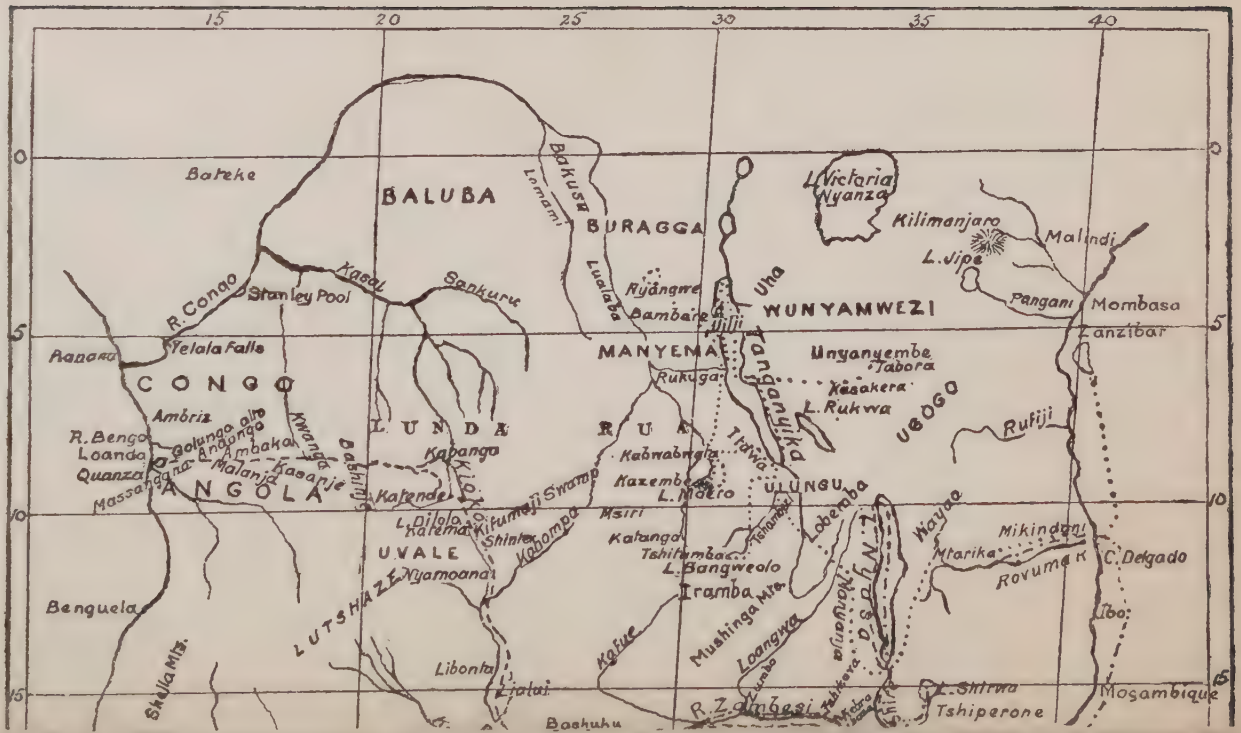
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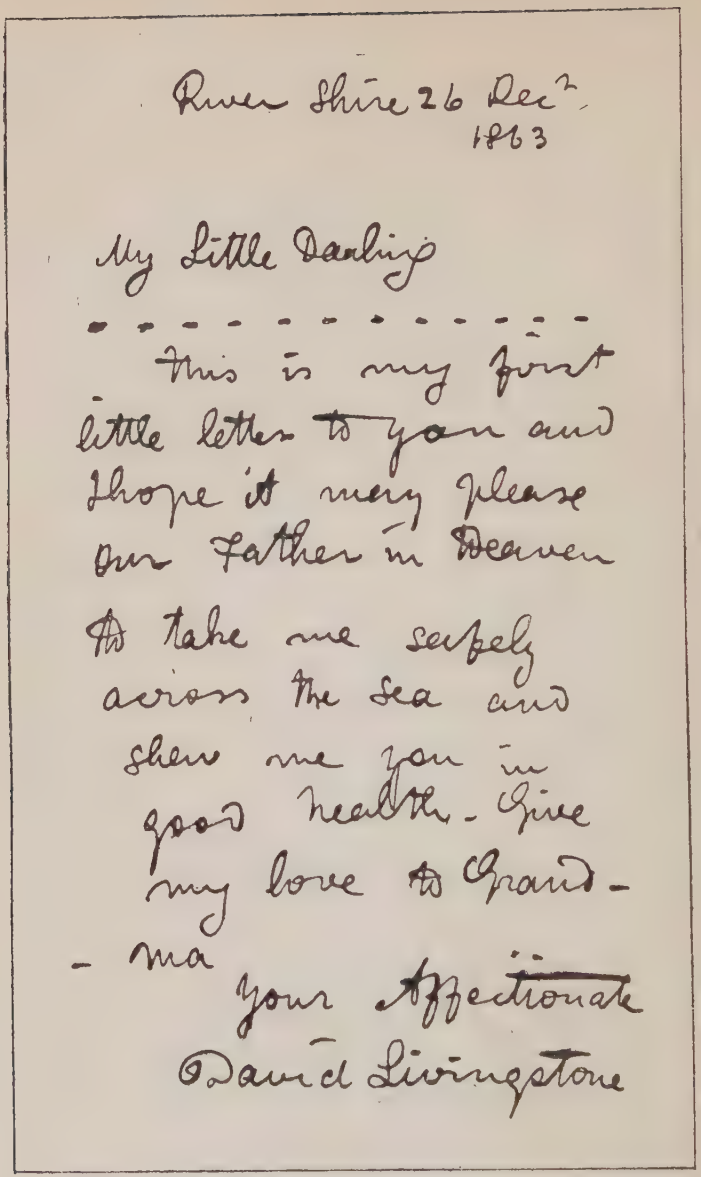


River Shire 26 Dec.r
1863

My Little Darling

This is my first
little letter to you and
I hope it may please
our Father in Heaven
to take me safely
across the Sea and
shew me you in
good health. Give
my love to Grand-
-ma

Your Affectionate
David Livingstone

PART OF A LETTER FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE TO HIS DAUGHTER.

PREFACE

WHEN the author of this book was quite a small boy Bishop Hannington, of Uganda, came to spend a few weeks at his home in Edinburgh. One day the Bishop, who loved children and was a great tease, induced him to put his hands and ankles into a set of African slave shackles, and then fastened them apparently irrevocably, while he told his prisoner about Livingstone and the slave-hunters, and added some fairly hair-raising lion stories of his own! That was the boy's first introduction to Africa.

Then, later, he remembers how his father took him to hear the famous French traveller, Du Chaillu, the man who discovered those horrible gorillas in the African forests, and (most unforgettable memory of all) how they both met Mr F. C. Selous himself, in a room in Queen Street, and were shown his African lion-skins, and heard from the lips of the great hunter some of his own marvellous adventures.

In the same way he heard Sir Henry Stanley tell his story, and not long afterwards his father introduced him to a real African king, King Khama, and he was allowed to shake hands with the successor of King Sechele, the friend of Livingstone.

Whether the boys who will read this book about Livingstone have similar memories—and no doubt some of them have—or whether they have got their romance of Africa entirely out of books, one thing is very sure, and that is that AFRICA will be to them what it is to all boys, big and little, the Land of Adventure and Mystery. The very name will have a different "feel" about it to that of any other country.

And if any one man more than another is responsible for that, it is David Livingstone. He *made* Africa as we know it to-day. He was the great pioneer. The natives of Africa, who love giving people nicknames, often called Livingstone "The Dew Dispeller," or "The Path Clearer"—the native word expresses both ideas. In the early morning, when the traveller starts along a narrow African path through the tall, wet grasses, the man who brushes first through the grass that meets twelve feet or more over the track gets a pretty thorough wetting. The others behind him reap the benefit of his cold bath, for they can pass

through dry. All the dew is shaken off by "The Path Clearer." That is why the natives called Livingstone by that name. He went first and took all the risks and the rubs; the others followed in safety.

The reason why British Central Africa is a liveable place to-day, and why we count it one of the most valuable parts of our Empire, is because Livingstone went first and took all the dangers and disagreeables upon his own shoulders.

Not that *Livingstone* minded danger, or thought hardships disagreeable. He was a born explorer, and loved every step of the wild places where he went; it was life and breath to him. But all his travels were undertaken with one great object, and that object was grander to him than any personal pleasure or gain.

Livingstone, "the Path Clearer," added just about one million square miles to the known parts of the world. He discovered the great lakes and rivers which now form a highway into the very heart of Africa. About eight new kinds of animals were added to the natural history books by this great explorer, not to speak of all the discoveries he made in the way of plants and insects and birds. His words led to the abolition of slavery in its most horrible and degrading form. His energy

made possible all the commerce and prosperity of modern Africa. A tremendous record for one man. But, greatest record of all, as Florence Nightingale ("The Lady of the Lamp") said of him, he opened up dark places for the light to come in.

The history of how he did all this has often been told before. But the writer of this little book has tried to describe some of the scenes once more for boys and girls to read, and if they are moved at all by the picture of the hero of Africa, he wants to recommend them to read David Livingstone's own wonderful books for themselves. There are no books of adventure like them.

Since the last biography of Livingstone was written, a most interesting exhibition has been held in Edinburgh, called the Livingstone Centenary Exhibition. From all over the world people sent photos and models and other exhibits to illustrate Livingstone's work. Anyone who had any "relic" of the great explorer lent it to the Museum. Owing to the kindness of Sir Thomas Carlaw Martin, the writer has been able to reproduce some photographs of these. He is also able to add some graphic details of the home at Kuruman which have not been published before.

For permission to reproduce in facsimile the little letter of David Livingstone to his daughter

the writer is indebted to Mrs Livingstone-Wilson —the Anna Mary Livingstone to whom the letter was written. In 1915 Mrs Livingstone-Wilson, the last of Livingstone's children, made a pilgrimage to Africa to visit the place where her father's heart lies buried. The author received a deeply interesting letter from her, dated "Chitambo, Sept. 7th 1915," in which she described some of her adventures, and on 20th January 1916 he heard from her again, from Glasgow, on the eve of another departure abroad on war service. In this letter she describes her visit to Old Chitambo, where she met some natives who remembered Livingstone, and who gave her, through an interpreter, a graphic account of his death and of the action of his faithful followers. Some of these details have been reproduced in the present volume.

On the whole, Mrs Livingstone-Wilson says, the account she heard from the natives at Chitambo tallies in a very remarkable way with the description given by Livingstone's servants to his friends in England who edited the *Last Journal*. The discrepancies between the two versions were wonderfully few considering it all happened forty-two years before. But she met an old native of a village, "one or two hours from the monument," who gave her some very interesting information. This chief was only a boy when Livingstone was borne in his litter

through the village of Chitono; but he remembered well how Susi and Chumah and the others brought the dying man to the door of his mother's hut. Livingstone was then unconscious, and the boy himself thought the white man must be already dead when the *kitanda* was borne on to Tshitambo's. The description of how the litter was placed under the eaves of the hut, to shelter it from the rain, will be found in the last few pages of this book. Mrs Livingstone-Wilson in her letter describes Old Chitambo (which lies slightly more to the west than the site usually given on maps) and one or two other places which have changed since Livingstone knew them.

The author greatly values a letter sent him on 27th January 1916 by Sir John Kirk, G.C.M.G., the friend and fellow-traveller of Livingstone. Sir John most kindly verifies the date 1858 when he first met Livingstone and says that their travels together lasted five years.

This story owes much also to the kindness of Mrs Fraser of Reelick and Newstead, the authoress of that most delightful of books, *Livingstone and Newstead*. Mrs Fraser (formerly Miss Webb of Newstead Abbey) knew Livingstone well, and has many memories of him, especially during these eight months when he and his daughter Agnes were guests at the Abbey. For her generous permission to

include some of these memories in this story of Livingstone the writer offers his warmest thanks. He is also personally indebted to her for one very vivid picture of Livingstone's friend, William Cotton Oswell. To any reader who has not made its acquaintance already he strongly recommends *The Life of W. C. Oswell*, written by the son of that greatest of African hunters and bravest and most chivalrous of friends.

When Sir Samuel Baker persuaded Oswell to write his book on Big Game for the Badminton Library he said that besides Oswell himself there was only one other man alive that could write with such authority on African sport and travel, and that man was Selous. The name of Captain F. C. Selous as an African hunter, explorer and pioneer is indeed one to conjure with, and the present writer takes this opportunity of paying his personal tribute to the man to whose memory this story of Livingstone has the great honour of being dedicated. In that most fascinating of sporting books, *A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa*, Captain Selous describes many of the places first visited by Livingstone twenty years before, and tells how he met native chiefs and others who had themselves known the great explorer. Soon after the outbreak of the great European War Captain Selous joined our troops in that part of East Africa where the fighting with the Germans was fiercest, and

at the age of sixty-four placed his unrivalled experience at the service of the Government. In September 1916 he was awarded the D.S.O. for conspicuous gallantry. Early in January, 1917, news was received that Captain Selous had been killed in action, pluckily leading the Fusiliers and Frontiersmen in the stubborn rear-guard action at Beho-Beho-Tohobowkli. He gave his life for Livingstone's Africa.

The Lives of Bishop Mackenzie, Bishop Steere, Bishop Maples and The History of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa will tell their own story to all who would know more of the work of missions in Livingstone's Africa, and no book gives a more vivid picture of some of the Scottish missionaries in Livingstonia and on the west side of the great lake than Dr Norman MacLean's *Africa in Transformation* (James Nisbet & Company, London, 1913), where the final struggle with the slave-trading Arabs is most graphically described.

Certainly there are plenty of books about David Livingstone. And yet there is *one* point about this new story of *Baba Daud* that can be claimed, and that is the fact that it has been written since the Great War. The war has thrown a new light upon every subject, and in the case of such a fighter as Livingstone it is simply bound to help us to see his life more clearly. Now we really understand what

Livingstone fought for: if we did not understand before, we do now.

When he went to Africa Livingstone saw the most horrible cruelties, and he spent most of his life among savage kings whose only right was Might. He opened up a path for civilisation into those dark places, but he never ceased telling us at home that commerce and education alone will never change men's hearts: only the Christ-spirit will do that. Livingstone, in fact, was a Crusader.

And now we have seen the whole world at war, *and the question fought for has been the same one.* Britain and France and Russia and Belgium and Italy all sent their sons to fight, and we believe it was in the same great Cause as that for which David Livingstone gave his life.

For permission to reproduce some of the illustrations in this book the writer's best thanks are given to his father, Canon E. C. Dawson (author of *The Life of Bishop Hannington*); to Mr M'Laughlan, Church of Scotland Offices; Mr Livingstone, U.F. Church Offices; Mr A. J. Swann, late Resident Magistrate in Nyasaland; and to the Secretary, Royal Scottish Geographical Society, for the portrait of Livingstone, which has not been published before in a Life of the great explorer. For his permission to make use of *The Personal*

Life of Dr Livingstone (John Murray & Co.), by the late Professor Garden Blaikie, the writer's thanks are due to his friend, Mr W. B. Blaikie, LL.D., Edinburgh. He most gratefully acknowledges Sir Harry Johnston's kindness in allowing him to refer to his *Livingstone and the Exploration of Central Africa* (George Philip & Son), and takes this opportunity of thanking Lieut.-Colonel Wyllie, F.R.G.S., for his generous help, and especially for his translation of Captain Da Costa's new book on the Portuguese colonies, with reference to the tsetse fly and "sleeping-sickness."

Sir Henry Morton Stanley's book, to which reference is made, is *How I found Livingstone* (Messrs Sampson Low, Marston & Co.), and the editions of Livingstone's own books consulted are *Missionary Travels in South Africa* (1857) and *The Zambesi and its Tributaries* (1865).

The writer cannot close without acknowledging his deep debt of gratitude and affection to his late chief, Bishop Hornby of Nassau, sometime Bishop of Nyasaland, with whom it was his privilege to live for three years at Chollerton.

After such a splendid list of "authorities" he is only too conscious how slight the present memoir must seem. It is simply meant to show a little picture of the great explorer, without attempting to give an exact record of his

travels, and he has not tried to do more than just keep the thread of the story, while recalling some of the scenes in which Livingstone took part.

R. B. D.

EDINBURGH, 1917.

LIVINGSTONE, THE HERO OF AFRICA

CHAPTER I

HOOKS AND BOOKS

"Wee dour-lookin' huiks are the thing!"
(T. T. STODDART'S *Angling Songs*.)

NINETY years ago the River Clyde above Blantyre was a famous stream for the angler. Many a fine salmon lay sulking under its steep, overhanging banks, and there were plenty of game trout in the stickles. One fine summer evening, in the reign of King George the Fourth, two boys were trying their luck in the salmon pool above Bothwell Castle. They were typical Scots boys in face and dress, and were evidently making the most of a half-holiday. Both lads wore the ugly but useful dress of the Scottish schoolboy; the blue knitted bonnet, the cloth waistcoat with two rows of buttons — conveniently able to be buttoned on either side if the other were dirty! —the absurd little tailed jacket and wide trousers with a slit at the feet, and the heavily tacketed, clumsy shoes, made to be worn on

either foot indiscriminately. The elder boy was a strong, dark, resolute-looking fellow, with keen blue eyes; and he threw as good a fly as any angler could wish to see. His hooks, like himself, were "wee and dour."

If Lord Douglas' keeper had been there he would have recognised them for David and Charles Livingstone from Blantyre village, and would have kept a sharp eye upon them. Luckily for David no keeper was on his rounds that evening; for suddenly, as he cast a skilful line just below the swirl of the rapid water, his little trout-rod bent double, the line reeled out with a whish, and in another moment a fine grilse had leapt his full length out of the water. The next quarter of an hour was a time of anxious joy: it takes some management to subdue a ten-pounder with a light trout-rod. But at last David brought him to the shore, Charlie "tailed" him, and they had their trophy safe among the ferns. How to get him home was the next problem. It would never do to let the keeper catch them red-handed. But David at last stuffed his salmon up a leg of Charlie's trousers, and the boys set off home in high feather.

Blantyre was a long, straggling village, and Charlie with his swollen leg was an object of some sympathy as he limped along; but they reached their house at last in safety. David and Charles lived in a tall, grey house on a hill

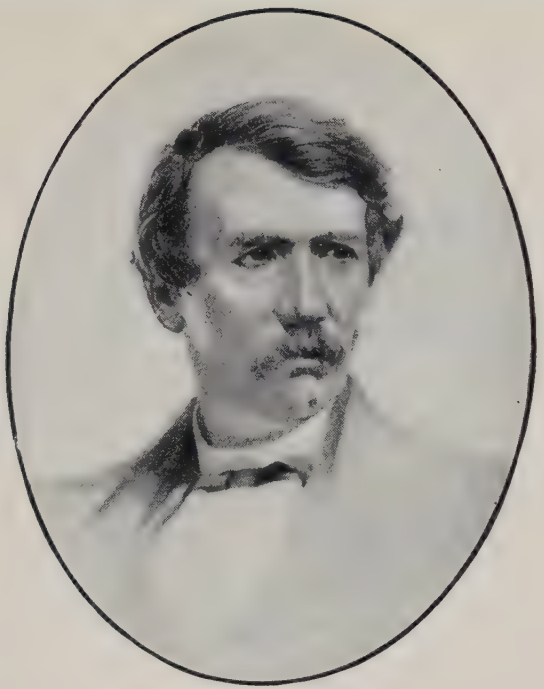
overlooking the river. It stood in a little lane near the mill, and was closed in by thick trees and a tall paling. Opposite the door was a queer, white-washed *doo-cote*, round which circled a cloud of blue rock pigeons. But the boys' home was merely one little flat of this great building. One reached it, in the old Scottish fashion, by a spiral stone staircase within a circular tower, built like a heavy bastion against the house. Their father, Neil Livingstone, lived there with his wife and children.

They were by no means well off, but had a great deal of Highland pride, and the boys were ready for every kind of adventure. The spirit of adventure was in the blood. Their old grandfather, who lived with them at Blantyre, and who in his younger days had spoken no language but Gaelic, told them many stirring tales of their fighting ancestors of Ulva, that little rocky island on the west coast of Scotland. His own father had fought for Prince Charlie and had fallen at Culloden, and the old man remembered the good old days before the clan system was broken up, after the final failure of the Jacobite cause. Their name in Gaelic was Mac an léigh—the son of the physician; and one of the race—so the story ran—was the hereditary guardian of a stone which had wonderful healing powers. The water in which the stone was dipped cured various diseases, and the

Highlanders called it Clach Bhéo—the Living Stone: hence the name which David, the most adventurous doctor of them all, was afterwards to make so famous.

There is another old story of the Livingstones which may or may not be true. The Isle of Lismore in the very old days was associated with the work of Saint Columba, and the crosier of the saint was for many generations guarded by the family of Livingstone. In fact the Livingstones were known, right down to modern times, as the *Keepers of the Crosier.* It was from Lismore that the Livingstones of Mull and of Ulva came; so it is quite probable that David Livingstone was a descendant of men who guarded the pastoral staff of the greatest of Scottish missionaries.

In 1813, when David was born, two of his father's brothers were soldiers in Wellington's army in the Pyrenees, and other Livingstones of the old clan were pioneering in more than one of our distant colonies. But the father of the Livingstone boys was a man of a different stamp altogether. He had stayed at home at Blantyre and had become a tea-dealer. No doubt there *is* a romantic side to tea-dealing; it has, anyhow, a suggestion of ships and strange foreign ports. But in Neil Livingstone his friends and fellow-deacons saw an exceedingly strict, old-fashioned Presbyterian. The Gaelic books he read were not books about



DR. LIVINGSTONE

LIVINGSTONE'S BIRTHPLACE AT BLANTYRE

From a Sketch by the Author.

battles or romance, but volumes of dogmatic theology. Perhaps in him it was the fighting instincts of the Livingstones taking an unexpected direction! A very good and kind man, he brought up his boys by iron rule. John, David and Charles knew that when dusk came and family prayers were over the door was locked for the night and the late-comer would have to stay outside. One evening David came back just after the bolts had been drawn and had to accept the situation like a philosopher. He got "a piece" from a neighbour, and sat down stolidly for the night upon the doorstep.

Strict as it was, their home life was a very happy one. The boys adored their mother. She must have been a wonderful little woman to have managed so well and kept such a high, cheerful spirit on their very tiny income. Agnes Livingstone was always young with her boys and understood them thoroughly.

Sunday was apt to be rather a long day for David and his brothers and sisters at Blantyre. "Between sermons"—to use the old Scots term—they had to learn by heart long portions of Scripture, and country walks were not encouraged. At no time was any novel or story book allowed in the house by their father. David loved reading, but try as he might he could make little of the books his father gave the boys on Sunday. Boston's *Fourfold State* and Wilberforce's *Practical Christianity* were his

especial bugbears. For rebelling against one of these uninviting volumes David got a thrashing from his father. In the "twenties" books were few and expensive, and the library of a family like the Livingstones would be a very small one. *The Weekly Visitor* bound, or *The Teacher's Offering* certainly do not sound very exciting, and yet David made the most of them. But one day David found the history of a missionary to China amongst his father's books, and that made up for all the other wearisome theologians. His father was a great believer in Foreign Missions, and would have made a devoted missionary himself, though one of a very different type from his son David. The story of the China missionary stirred David's imagination; he made up his mind that that must be the life for him—a life with any amount of practical hard work and plenty of stirring adventure.

In the meantime he and Charlie found lots of adventure round Blantyre. David was sturdy and tireless, with an insatiable desire to "beat records" and to go where no one had ventured before. One day Charlie watched him open-mouthed as he climbed the highest point of the old ruins of Bothwell Castle and carved a "D. L." upon the topmost stone. Wherever he went he carried a natural history book in his pocket. He was a born naturalist and knew the cry and the spoor of every bird and beast

in the woods of Lanarkshire. He was also an enthusiastic collector of stones and plants, and scoured the country far and wide for specimens. Nowadays a boy like that would certainly meet with plenty of encouragement. He can join the Boy Scouts and learn how to use his eyes and be ready for anything. But when Livingstone was a boy there were none of these things. There was not even a field naturalists' club that he could join. His father liked David to be keen about things, but he was more than half afraid of "Science." He thought a scientist was sure to begin criticising the Bible. There was no Charles Kingsley then to remind people that nature is God's book, and that the more we try and understand things the more we shall be able to learn still higher lessons. David Livingstone wanted to understand *things*. He wanted to know the *why* and the *how* of everything he saw.

One day he and Charlie found a limestone quarry near Cambuslang, and David began to collect some shells which he found half buried in the carboniferous limestone. How on earth did these sea-shells come to be there? That was what he wanted to know. But the grave-faced quarryman whom he asked about it evidently thought David quite mad. "How did the shells come there, laddie? When God made the rocks He made the shells in them!" David's father most probably gave much the

same answer. Any talk about those strange sea-creatures, the pteropods, which made the shells æons ago, when the ocean covered old Scotland, would have seemed highly dangerous to him.

But holidays and expeditions became rarer and rarer as David and his brothers grew older. Their father's tea-dealing was not prospering, and their mother was sometimes hard put to it to make both ends meet. There was nothing for it but to put the boys into some employment, and David became "a piecer" in the old red-brick cotton mill, whose tall furnace chimney could be seen through the trees from their house. There, from seven in the morning till eight at night, David had to watch "a spinning jenny." The cotton-spinning frame had big whirring reels of cotton, from which threads stretched and strained from one side of the machine to the other. When one of these threads snapped, "the piecer" had to catch the ends and tie them together. It was monotonous work, but David soon discovered that it left time for other things—for reading, for instance. He propped a book up on the spinning jenny and glanced at it for a quick moment every time he passed it during his work. He never had more than a single minute at a time to look at his book, but that made him all the quicker and more anxious to read it. The roar of machinery never stopped for an instant, but David found it helped him to "concentrate."

The book propped up on the cotton machine was generally a Latin grammar. David had no intention of remaining a mill-boy a day longer than he need, and he knew that Latin was the only passport to freedom. It was no good thinking of the university until he had mastered Ruddiman's *Rudiments of Latin*, so he bought "Ruddiman" with his first savings, and set to work at once. Probably his way of mastering it and other books was as good as anyone could find. A quick glance at a book, if one's whole mind is given to it, is worth any number of sleepy hours of bored reading. When he got home from the mill David attended a night school; and after that was over he would take down his lexicon and work at it till late at night. His mother would come in at last and snatch his books away and pack him off to bed.

CHAPTER II

A STOUT HEART AND A STEY BRAE

"The outward show is nothing, it is the inward purpose that counts." (CAPTAIN SCOTT.)

ALL this time China was the goal of David's ambition. To him it was the Land of Mystery and Adventure. His father was secretly very proud of David; he wished he could possibly afford to send him to the university. But "the piecer" had now been promoted to the rank of "a spinner" and thought he might be able to pay his way at Glasgow University if he worked for half the year at Blantyre. Those were the days—before "Carnegie Scholarships"—when many Scottish boys came up to Edinburgh or Glasgow straight from the plough and returned to it again when term was over. In many a little out-of-the-way street they burnt the midnight oil over Science or Medicine, living mostly on porridge, with an occasional herring for dinner. Many famous names, too, may we count amongst them.

One winter morning, in 1836, David and his father walked through the snow to Glasgow, and after long search discovered a room in Rotten Row for two shillings a week. There

Neil Livingstone left his son and walked back to Blantyre. Rotten Row was *not* like its aristocratic namesake; its surroundings were depressing in the extreme. But David, feeling desperately lonely after his father left him, wrote home that night that he was going to put "a stout heart to a stey brae," and "either mak' a spune or spoil a horn." For the benefit of the English reader that may be translated as meaning that David "meant to get there"! To make a doctor out of a cotton spinner might be as ticklish a business as cutting a fine horn spoon out of the rough: one is as liable to break it as to make it. But the future Doctor Livingstone did not intend to be broken.

Four months later and David was home again for Easter, to be received with some awe on the part of Charlie and a great deal of pride by his father and mother. It might be "the vacation," but it was not to be a holiday for this undergraduate. Off must come his grand Glasgow coat next morning and back again must he go to the mill. Then when he had earned enough there for his next term's fees David returned to the university. He was obliged, of course, to attend Divinity lectures, and had to work very hard in the Greek class; but it was in the medical schools that he found his real bent. Livingstone threw himself into this part of his work with enthusiasm, and loved every detail of it. In Professor Graham's class he struck

up a friendship with the assistant lecturer. Young was a mechanical genius, and his room was like a carpenter's shop. The two young men spent hours together at the turning lathe, and David learnt there one of the most useful gifts for a missionary—how to make his own tools and to use them. Three other men, who afterwards made a name for themselves in the world, were generally to be found with Livingstone in Young's rooms—Lyon Playfair, the inventor James Thomson, and his brother, Sir William, the great electrician. A galvanic battery was a novelty in those days, and the electric appliances which these enthusiasts set up in James Young's den were a constant delight to Livingstone. Young's one great feat was the process he invented for purifying petroleum for lamps, and David, who loved giving everyone a nickname, dubbed him "Sir Paraffin Young."

Livingstone's next move was to write to the London Missionary Society, which he hoped would send him out to China. In due course the directors sent for him, and David travelled up to London. In the dull London lodgings where he put up was a man of his own age, named Moore, and to their huge surprise they found they were actually bent on the same errand. They both "passed the Board," and then "did" London together. They went one day to Westminster Abbey and read the great

names on the tombs of Britain's famous men. The last thing in the world that either of them could have imagined was that the name of Livingstone would be inscribed there too.

Joseph Moore gave a picture of David Livingstone as he first met him in the London lodgings. "There was," said he, "an indescribable charm about him, which, with all his rather ungainly ways and by no means winning face, attracted almost everyone. He won those who came near him by a kind of spell." That little "snap-shot" of Moore's evidently hits off his friend at that period to the life. David's strong, square features and honest, steel-blue eyes could hardly be described as "winning." "Sulky" was the word chosen to describe Livingstone's face by an old Blantyre workman who remembered him. Some of the grimness that made his Highland ancestors such "dour" fighters was often expressed in young Livingstone's look. But that made his smile, when it did come, all the more attractive; and as a Scotsman would say, David was a man one could "lippen to" at the very first sight. No man was ever more astonishingly like his name—the stone was rough-hewn, uncompromising; but it was *alive*.

Most of Livingstone's biographers have insisted far too much upon the "dour" side of his character. And that was perhaps the impression one might possibly have had of him

as he appeared on public occasions or on a platform. He hated appearing on platforms, and often plainly showed it. The ordinary portraits of Livingstone generally wear a stern, uncompromising look, with a hint of patient endurance about the eyes. But that was not Livingstone as his friends knew him, nor does it give one a true impression of him, especially in later years of his life. As young Livingstone saw more of the world and of men—particularly of men of the stamp of Oswell or Webb—something perhaps of a "defensive attitude," natural in a man who has had to make his own way in the world, left him, and his friends found in him the gayest and most companionable of men. His life-long friends, the Webbs of Newstead Abbey, whose beautiful house was like a second home to Livingstone, always said that there was no *really* good portrait of Livingstone to be had; for they all made him appear so grim. The picture they liked best was a crayon drawing, by J. B. Harrison, at Newstead, which is certainly a very happy likeness of their guest, but does not show the sunburnt face in quite its true colouring. In her charming book Mrs Fraser (formerly Miss Webb of Newstead) declares that in her opinion no portrait of David Livingstone ever showed him half as well as his wax image at the celebrated Madame Tussaud's! And from that pleasant "double" of the great traveller one

may still judge how often his other portraits maligned him.

Stanley once tried to describe Livingstone's laugh, which came so suddenly and unexpectedly and was so contagious. "It was a laugh of the whole man from head to heel," he says; "if he told a story his face was so lit up by the sly fun it contained that I was sure it was worth listening to."

Livingstone and Moore soon heard their fate; they were accepted by the Society, and were to be sent to Essex to be coached by a clergyman at Chipping Ongar. The Reverend Richard Cecil found them rooms in the little country town and the young men went every day to his house to study Greek and Hebrew. Livingstone astonished Mr Cecil more by his extraordinary powers as a walker than as theological student. Poor Moore found to his cost, as Charlie had done, that this fellow was tireless. One day he fairly beat his own record by walking to and fro from London in twenty-one hours. Ongar was twenty-seven miles from town; but Livingstone started at 3 A.M., had time to do some business in London, and set out in good time for the return journey. Near Edmonton he found a woman lying on the road unconscious. She had been thrown out of a trap. Livingstone at once administered first aid, fetched the local doctor, and again set out for Ongar. At Stanford Rivers he lost

his way in the darkness, and had to climb a sign-post to read the direction by starlight. But finally at midnight that Saturday he reached home, as Moore says, "as white as a sheet," and so ready for bed that he "slept the clock round."

Isaac Taylor, afterwards a Yorkshire rector, and a well-known writer, knew Livingstone at Ongar, and often found to his cost what a walker his friend was. "I remember his step," said Taylor, "the characteristic forward tread, firm, simple, resolute, neither fast nor slow, no hurry and no dawdle, but which evidently meant—getting there."

One thing Livingstone rather dreaded, and that was the thought of having to preach when he became a missionary. Preaching was never very much in his line, and yet, of course, he knew he would have to do it. Mr Cecil thought that it would be good for him to begin at once, and sent him one Sunday to take a little village service. Moore went too, and afterwards described his sensations. Poor David had prepared some practical remarks on Unselfishness, and read out his text in a very deliberate manner, but then—his sermon had fled! "Midnight darkness came upon him," and he abruptly said: "Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say," and hurried out of the building.

When Livingstone first arrived in South Africa he wrote Moore a very characteristic

letter, in which he reminded him of this unlucky episode. "I am no good at preaching," he wrote, "and some of them said if they knew I was to preach again they would not enter the chapel. But," he slyly adds, "the truth which I uttered seemed to plague very much the person who supplies the missionaries with wagons and oxen (they were bad ones)"! No doubt the scoundrels would have preferred a vague theological discourse to the very straight speaking David Livingstone gave them from the pulpit. To David himself religion was quite a practical thing, with refreshingly little that was theoretical about it. One of the finest things ever said about him was that remark of Sir Henry Stanley, that "Livingstone's religion made him the most companionable of men and indulgent of masters—a man whose society is pleasurable to a degree." Who could wish for a better testimonial?

With great lack of humour, when Mr Cecil sent in his report to the London Missionary Board he felt bound to tell them about David's failure as a preacher. Acting on this, the directors voted against his acceptance as a missionary. But, fortunately, one of them pleaded for David, and he was given another term at Ongar. Years afterwards he and Moore were much delighted to discover that even great people sometimes forget their speeches. They had gone to Exeter Hall to hear Prince Albert

deliver his maiden speech on the great Niger Expedition, and watched him balance his notes on the broad, curly brim of his top hat. Unluckily the cheers of the audience blew the paper right into the hat, and his Royal Highness for some moments was as nonplussed as David had been at Ongar.

The directors finally offered Livingstone a post in the West Indies. It was not a medical appointment, and Livingstone begged them to send him somewhere as a doctor. The Opium War in China had just broken out, so the country where he had always longed to go was closed to the missionary. India was not thought a suitable country for him. The directors probably thought the intellectual Hindu would demand good sermons! So, finally, their choice fell upon Africa. No doubt about it, as the old words go, we all have "a path ordained for us to walk in." Livingstone realised himself, when he looked back upon it all, that he was "meant" to go to Africa.

Before taking his medical degree he "walked the hospitals" in London, and Sir Risdon Bennett and Professor Owen gave him many useful "tips" on tropical diseases and other matters. When the examination came off, Livingstone had, as he characteristically describes it, "a slight difference of opinion" with the examiner on the subject of the uses of a stethoscope. Consequently they gave him as

stiff a time as they could. But he pulled through in spite of them, and in November, 1840, the old folks at Blantyre saw David once more. It was only a very flying visit he could pay them. He had to leave Glasgow docks the next day, so he had but a single night in the old home. One of his sisters remembers how David suggested they should sit up all night, they had so much to tell one another. But his mother would not hear of this, and packed them off to bed in the old way.

Next morning they were up at five and made coffee. David read the 121st and 135th psalms; they all had a prayer together, and then father and son set out to walk to Glasgow. On the Broomielaw, by the ships, David said good-bye to his father and then went on board the ship for Liverpool. Neil Livingstone never saw his son again.

CHAPTER III

CAPE CARTS AND LIONS

"Tell your children that if I could get hold of a hippopotamus I would eat it rather than allow it to eat me. As for lions, I go on the plan put forth by a little girl in Scotland who saw a cow coming to her in a meadow: 'O boo! boo! You no hurt me, I no hurt you!'"

(*A Letter from* DAVID LIVINGSTONE.)

A VOYAGE to Africa in those days took three months, whereas even a slow ship to-day would hardly take as many weeks to reach Cape Town. Livingstone left England in December and, after touching at Rio de Janeiro, his ship, the *George*, made Cape Town in the early spring of 1841. During the voyage the captain, a fellow-Scot with whom he made great friends, gave him some sound training in navigation and the use of the quadrant. At Cape Town he spent a month with a missionary named Philip, but did not enjoy his time there at all, and very much hated all the gossiping and tea-parties. In one of his letters home he enlarges on this subject; and as for the missonaries and their wives, he said he wished they had a bishop over them! "You may shoot me," he wrote to a friend, "if you find me at Cape Town during the next

ten years!" He left Cape Town as quickly as he could, and set out for Betshuanaland. There he saw what real pioneer missionary work can do to improve a very unpromising country. Kuruman, before the missionaries came there, was a dreary waste, sparsely dotted with low, thorny acacias. Sir Harry Johnston, the famous traveller, tells us that Kuruman, like many another wilderness, owes everything to the almost slave drudgery of the missionaries. They dug the canals with their own hands, and there is not a tree in the country that has not been planted by them.

To get to Kuruman by land Livingstone had to buy a wagon and a team of oxen to draw it. A South African wagon is about twenty feet in length, very strong, very light, and built—if a good one—of "stink-wood." If it is a half-tented wagon the "after" twelve feet only are covered with canvas, and the front will be free for baggage, rifle-racks, a hide "cartle" or bed, and other traveller's necessaries. If the purchaser is "green," as, of course, Livingstone was, he makes some bad mistakes. A good wagon is cheap at £100, but if it have any green wood in it, it will "show out," as travellers say, on the first trip, and be worth nothing. Livingstone had fairly good luck over his first wagon, but was "had" badly over his oxen. Those were the oxen that formed the text of the unpopular sermon he referred to in one of his letters!

Oxen in those days cost nearly double what they do now. The "voor" and "achter ossen," the first and last pair in the team, used to be worth as much as £16 each. As sixteen oxen are required for a team, it cost Livingstone a good deal to make that first journey. It cost him still more, because his oxen were not "salted." If oxen have not been worked all over South Africa, and so have not become proof or "salted" against the red-water disease, they will die when they get on to strange veld. Another ox disease is "lung-sick." An ox has to be inoculated against that or it is sheer waste of money to buy it. But Livingstone had, of course, to buy his experience too, and no one ever managed to take the Doctor in twice running.

Crossing the Orange River Livingstone got his wagon aground, and his oxen got out of order, "some with their heads where their tails should be, and others with their heads twisted round in the yoke so far that they appeared bent on committing suicide." His letters were full of such incidents, but he took to the wild, free life as to the manner born, and felt that this at last was *the real thing*—the Africa he had come to explore and to win. He was already full of the idea of discovering the mysterious fresh-water lake—Lake Ngami—rumours of which had reached Cape Town.

Everywhere was game in abundance, and to

Livingstone it all seemed a sportsman's and naturalist's paradise. But he had no time for the present to do much shooting. He only made a short rest at Kuruman and then did a quick trek of about three hundred miles northward into Betshuanaland, where he wanted to pay a visit to the chief at Shokwane. The next six months he spent at Molepolole, and during that time Livingstone did not see a single European. It was no wonder he learnt the language quickly—he had to. His great desire was to understand the native mind, and to come as close as he could to the life of these Ba-kwena. Their name means literally "the crocodile people"; but they were much better than their reputation suggested, and Livingstone made great friends with them. But soon afterwards the whole tribe was driven out of the district by the warlike Ba-rolon, so the Doctor was obliged to fix upon another spot for his intended mission.

Finally he chose Mabotsa, and it was there he had his celebrated adventure with the lion.

The lion is almost extinct now in British South Africa; one might live all one's life in Betshuanaland and never hear or see one. But in the "forties" the whole country was infested by lions. The people in the native village of Mabotsa believed they were bewitched, so many lions attacked their cattle. It was a common belief among the natives that

an enemy of their tribe might get a wizard to "give them into the power of the lions." These Mabotsa lions soon got so bold that they even invaded the cattle kraals by day and carried off the cows.

Livingstone had a poor opinion of the Mabotsa people as hunters, and at last offered to go with them on their next lion hunt. They started from the village one day with a number of beaters with spears, Livingstone carrying his rifle and wearing a Highland jacket. He did not follow the example of his fellow-Scot and very good friend, Gordon Cumming of Altyre, who hunted the African lion in a kilt! But on this particular lion hunt the Doctor's coat at any rate was of Livingstone tartan.

The spoor led them to a small hill covered with trees, and Livingstone drew up his men in a circle round it. Then gradually the beaters closed in, and presently Livingstone and the native beside him, Mebálwe by name, saw a lion crouching on a piece of rock in full view. Mebalwe in his excitement "wiped Livingstone's eye" and fired at the lion. Needless to relate, the lion made off quite unhurt. In another moment, however, two more lions were seen, but it was difficult to shoot them without hitting the beaters on the other side of the circle. If they had been real native hunters Livingstone's men would have at once leapt in and attacked the beasts with their spears. But

these Mabotsa people were more careful of their skins and were full of superstitious fears of witchcraft. Presently the Doctor caught sight of still another lion, lying just behind a small bush, and taking aim at him at about thirty yards, he gave him both barrels.

The lion was badly hit, but gave Livingstone no time to ram a charge into his rifle. In another moment the brute was upon him, caught him by the shoulder and began to worry him as a terrier does a rat. Livingstone afterwards described his sensations. As the great, tawny beast stood over him, growling, and shaking him, he said he felt like a patient partly under chloroform. There was no feeling at all of pain or terror. "The shake annihilated fear and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast." That is very possibly the half-numbed condition of all creatures of the wild struck down by beasts of prey. But it has not been the experience of one or two other big game hunters in somewhat similar circumstances—of Mr F. C. Selous, for instance.

The lion had one heavy paw on Livingstone's head, and to relieve himself of the weight he turned round a little and next moment saw Mebálwe taking aim in his direction. Fortunately for the Doctor he was so close to the lion that Mebálwe missed him too with his flint-lock! But in a trice the lion had sprung away from Livingstone and was after the native.

Another man, whose life Livingstone had saved, rushed at the beast with his spear, and Mebálwe got off with a gash in his thigh; but the lion went immediately for his new assailant. The whole thing lasted only a few moments; it was a last dying effort on the part of the lion. As he seized the man with the spear the bullets took effect, and he rolled over as dead as a door nail.

Livingstone himself was in rather a bad way. His shoulder had been crunched into splinters, and he had eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of his arm. Fortunately his thick tartan coat had wiped off the virus from the lion's teeth, so that he escaped the poison which is the most dangerous part of a wound from a wild animal. But to the day of his death Livingstone never had the complete use of his arm again. The natives declared this lion to be the biggest they had ever seen, and to take the evil charm out of him they made a huge bonfire over the carcass.

It was thoroughly characteristic of Livingstone that, in mentioning lions and lion hunting to people at home, he generally rather seemed to depreciate the king of beasts, and on one occasion he actually said that the lion is "somewhat larger than the biggest dog," and that it was difficult to distinguish its roar from that of a cock ostrich! "One is in much more danger," said he, "of being run over in a London street

than of being devoured by lions in Africa." Mr Selous, with his usual modesty, once declined to "generalise" on the subject of lions—because, as he said, he had himself "only shot sixteen." But in several of his books he has nobly championed the African lion, and refuses altogether to accept that undignified comparison with the cock ostrich, unless, perhaps, its "boom" is heard at a distance of, say, three miles. One of Mr Selous' lion-skins, which the present writer has seen, measures eleven feet, one inch, and the lion itself must have weighed anything up to forty stone. *Rather* larger, certainly, than the largest dog.

Some travellers no doubt have written slightingly about the courage of the lion. And it is perfectly true that if one meets with a lion in the African wilds, the great beast will make off into cover. He is given to strictly attending to his own business, and avoids unpleasantness if he can help it. On the other hand, of all dangerous beasts a lion is the most deadly when once he is roused. He will face odds to the end. Bullet after bullet strikes him, but on he comes, until at length he may be only "hitching himself along," so badly wounded is he—but he is game to the very last; you must kill him or be killed yourself. This is the testimony of most of the well-known modern lion hunters—men like Lord Delamere or Sir Alfred Pease—just as it has always

been the opinion of hunters like Oswell and Selous.

What Livingstone said about the lion's roar is true enough if one hears him at a great distance. When a lion is hunting his prey he is careful, of course, not to make a noise. In the early evening, too, his call is more like "a questioning cough" than a roar. But when several lions are driving game, and their object is to terrify, the sound of their roaring is a very stupendous thing. It has been described as being like a very deep and mighty organ in a very small church. The air shakes and the ground itself seems to vibrate at the awe-inspiring voices of the great beasts. In lion hunting it is nearly always the unexpected that happens, for the lion is one of the most resourceful of beasts, and he can hide his huge body in cover so scanty that a new-comer would think it too short to conceal even a cat. His mighty spring, coming perhaps utterly unexpectedly from a spot fifteen feet away, is a pretty impossible thing to avoid. And although this is not likely to find an experienced hunter unprepared, the oldest hand will never make the error of despising the lion. Livingstone did not really do so. The fact was that he was always terribly afraid of being "lionised" himself, and made as little as he could of his own escapes and adventures. He was quite as wary of being drawn into

"a traveller's story" as he was afraid of anything approaching "cant." He very much horrified a pious lady at a dinner-party when she began to examine him as to the feelings of his soul when the lion was about to devour him. "What were my feelings?" said he. "I was wondering which part of me he would eat first!"

The chief of the district where Livingstone meant to plant his mission was a tall, manly fellow named Setshele. He and Livingstone took to one another from the first. On account of his swarthiness Setshele was known as "the Black," and was a fine specimen of the savage chieftain. He told the Doctor that in his great-grandfather Motshoasele's time two white travellers passed through his country and were struck down by fever on the Limpopo River. The rain-makers there, he said, were afraid the white men's wagons would charm away the rain, and ordered the Englishmen to be thrown into the river.

Setshele himself became a Christian, and Livingstone looked upon him as a wonderful example of what Christianity can do for the savage. He learned to read and write, and introduced something like good government amongst his people. Whenever Livingstone visited the big chief he was asked to read some part of the Bible. Setshele's favourite Bible stories were from the Old Testament, and he

was especially fond of Isaiah. "He was a fine fellow that Isaiah," Setshele said; "he knew how to speak." Setshele's wife—the only one he was permitted to keep when he became a Christian—remained an incorrigible daughter of the wild. To Livingstone's amusement, her angry husband would send her out of church to put her gown on, and she would go with her lip shot out, the very picture of unutterable disgust at his new-fangled notions.

The great lion hunter, Gordon Cumming, often paid Livingstone a visit at his mission, and in one of his books he describes how he attended a service there in the wilds. "I had," he says, "considerable difficulty to maintain my gravity as sundry members of the congregation entered the church clad in the most unique apparel. Some of these wore extraordinary old hats, ornamented with fragments of women's clothes and ostrich feathers. Their fine hats they were very reluctant to take off, and one man sat with his beaver on until the doorkeeper went up to him and ordered him to remove it." So it is evident that Setshele's men-folk did more than make up for their ladies' deficiencies.

CHAPTER IV

"BABA DAUD" AND "MA ROBERT"

"My views of what is *missionary* duty are not so contracted as those whose ideal is a dumpy sort of man with a Bible under his arm." (LIVINGSTONE *to a Carlisle Critic.*)

WHEN Livingstone arrived at Kuruman he had come to look upon himself as a confirmed bachelor. But there at that little wild mission station he met Mary Moffatt. Her father was the greatest of South African missionaries, and she and her sister had been brought up in an African village which owed everything to the hard work of Dr Moffatt. Their house, surrounded by syringa, with its pretty lilac blossom, was built like a Dutch farm. It had a vineyard and an avenue of lemons and oranges. Dr Moffatt taught the natives every kind of useful trade, and sent for a printing press from England, with which he printed a large part of the Bible in the native tongue. The missionaries cut channels to irrigate the cornfields, and planted weeping willows all along the little water-courses. There was a beautiful hedge of peach, apricot and pomegranate trees all round the garden.

David Livingstone came there from a very

arid journey and thought it a small paradise. He had his injured arm in a sling and was a wonderfully interesting guest. Mary and he were soon fast friends, and one day under a big almond-tree in the garden he asked her to be his wife. To make a not very long story still shorter, they were married towards the end of 1844.

In a letter to his people at home Livingstone wrote rather quaintly about her, and describes his wife as being "not romantic, but a matter-of-fact lady; a little, thick, black-haired girl, sturdy—and all I want." Livingstone was, in fact, devoted to her, and she made him a most splendid wife, being everything that a pioneer's wife should be. They had to build their own house at Mabotsa, but soon afterwards left there and went to Setshele's headquarters at Tshonuane.

In Betshuanaland a mother is always called after the name of her eldest boy, so when little Robert Livingstone appeared Mrs Livingstone lost her own name and was ever afterwards called by the natives *Ma Robert*—Robert's mother. Robert himself had all the adventurous qualities of his clan. He died in 1865, fighting in the American Federal army in North Carolina.

Whilst the Livingstones were at Tshonuane they saw Setshele's people erect a *hopo*. A *hopo* is a trap for wild animals, and Livingstone

was immensely interested in its construction. The trap is really made of two high hedges, each a mile long, placed in the form of the letter V. At the angle of the V is a small opening leading into a narrow lane of hurdles, and at the end of this is a deep pit. Trunks of trees are placed at the edge of the pit, so as to overlap it and prevent anything inside from escaping. Over the pit the natives strew green rushes and twigs, just as the Scots covered their fatal pitfalls at Bannockburn. The whole country round was full of every kind of wild game, and Livingstone watched the hunters of the tribe make a wide circle of several miles and gradually drive in the animals towards the opening of the *hopo*. Then men with assagais hidden behind the hedges leapt to their feet with much shouting, and the terrified beasts rushed in a wild mob towards the narrow lane leading to the pitfall. Crash went the slender twigs and down went the poor beasts into the pit, until it was full to the brim of a struggling, fighting welter of antelopes and zebras, into which the natives thrust their spears. Wild with excitement, the hunters killed far more of the beautiful creatures than were needed for meat, and Livingstone thought it a most unsportsmanlike performance.

He did not stay long at Tshonuane; the want of water made it a bad spot to choose for a mission station. So Livingstone and his wife moved on forty miles to the River Koloben.

Koloben means a pigsty, which did not sound promising. But the place they chose for their settlement was an excellent one, and so greatly did the chief Setshele rely on his white friends' judgment that he and his whole tribe migrated to Koloben with him.

Very soon a prosperous village grew up by the riverside, and Livingstone taught the natives how to irrigate their land. His own practical idea of a mission station was that it should be a model agricultural community as well as a centre for church work, and he did everything he could to raise and civilise his people by setting up a useful school and teaching the young men carpentering and gardening. A missionary in Africa, said Livingstone, must be a jack-of-all-trades and his wife a maid-of-all-work. In a place like Koloben life was very much like that of the Swiss Family Robinson on their famous desert island. Everything had to be made from the raw materials. If the Doctor wanted to build a house he had first of all to make his own bricks, and then to cut down trees and saw them into logs. Then all the windows, doors and furniture had to be made with his own hands. Ma Robert had to grind her meal herself before she could make it into bread in an oven scooped out of an ant-hill, with a slab of stone for the oven door. She made her own soap from the ashes of the salsola plant, and her own candles in moulds. But they said this

Robinson Crusoe existence made married life "all the sweeter."

Mrs Livingstone was a brave woman and never let anything disturb or frighten her. Once a gigantic centipede ran up her bare arm while she was cooking, and her companions were for the moment petrified at the sight of the loathsome creature which could give a most dangerous and painful wound. To attempt to crush it on her arm would, of course, have been fatal, and even to shrink or try and shake it off would have meant a catastrophe. But Mrs Livingstone herself kept perfectly cool. She quietly waited till the centipede had crawled over the bare flesh and reached her rolled-up sleeve, when she shook it off and went on with her housekeeping.

During one of their journeys across country Mrs Livingstone was driving inside the wagon which held about a hundred pounds of gunpowder when suddenly smoke began to rise from the axle and the wagon took fire. She made no disturbance whatever, but just called to her husband, who was not far off: "David, come and put it out!"

Wherever Ma Robert was—in a travelling wagon, in a tent, in a wayside camp or in the desert—she managed to give a home-like look to the scene, was always busy with her housekeeping, and always looked neat and trim and absolutely contented and happy.

Often housekeeping was rather anxious work if game was not plentiful. Once or twice they had to live on locusts. But locusts pounded into meal and roasted are not as bad as they sound. The children led a very happy life in Koloben and were made much of by the natives. As a great delicacy little Robert and his sister were given roasted caterpillars for tea, and they learnt very early to appreciate the virtues of a dish of frogs. In his Memoirs Livingstone explains that this particular brand of caterpillar was by no means bad, and the species of frog found in the marshes made a dish which it would have been difficult to distinguish from a tender young spring chicken. As for the little native boys, they ate *anything*. Roasted mice made an especially tasty dish.

Every morning they breakfasted soon after six, and then followed school till eleven. After school Livingstone did smith's work or carpentering, and in the afternoon his wife had her infant school, where she taught about a hundred little black children. Three nights a week a service was held after milking-time, and on most evenings Livingstone gave Setshele's people a popular lecture on some useful subject. He found a magic-lantern a very great help on these occasions, and to the natives that lantern never ceased to be really magical. Besides all his other work, he made constant expeditions to see sick people, and it may be imagined the

Doctor had his hands pretty full. No wonder Setshele's people loved him and called him Baba Daud. No better name could have been given to Livingstone than that—Father David.

So much did they trust him that they remained faithful to Baba Daud right through one of the worst droughts that most of them could remember, and that in spite of their belief that the rain was charmed away by the presence of the white man's church at Koloben. They could never quite believe that their white father could not cause the rain to visit their parched fields; consequently, as Livingstone said, "they looked with no good will at the church bell." But all through that anxious time they loyally stuck to him, and he never had an enemy in the tribe. Even the unsuccessful professional rain-maker in the village —a weird-looking medicine-man with charms hung round his neck—looked upon Baba Daud with a good deal of fellow-feeling. It was lucky for him that his clients did not treat this rain-maker as Africans often do to this day.

In some tribes they peg down the unsuccessful medicine-man under a raw hide, and if the rain does not come very shortly the hot African sun tightens the skin, and the flattened rain-maker is baked to death on the hard earth. But those were the kind of ways from which Livingstone was weaning his black friends at Koloben, and Setshele, doughty old warrior as he was,

refrained from the kind of raids that he knew Baba Daud would not approve of. One day, however, an under chief named Kāke goaded Setshele beyond endurance and called him a coward. So Setshele told Livingstone he was going off to hunt elephants, and asked him to lend him a metal pot to cook his food in. Livingstone guessed at once that the elephants in question walked upon two legs and carried assagais; but, as always, he took the word of Setshele and let him go, slyly begging him, however, to bring him back two tit-bits—the trunk and the forefoot of the elephant. The next time Setshele appeared at Koloben, Livingstone saw the wounded carried home and heard the women uttering their loud wail of sorrow for the dead, and others pealing forth the clear scream of victory. So he knew that the chief had disposed of that under chief. But no further mention was made of the elephants or the promised tit-bits.

But men like Kāke were not the worst enemies of Setshele's people. Koloben was such a prosperous and happy little settlement that it began to rouse the envy and greed of the Boers. The word *Boer* means in Dutch a tiller of the ground, and the original Boer settlers were, of course, of Dutch origin. Every schoolboy knows the story of the Boers in South Africa. The South African War made us pretty well acquainted with them, and we all

have some sort of an idea of their mode of life and of the country they live in. But for the last six years we have had a United South African state, and the present crisis has swept away very much that remained of the old enmities, and to-day we see Briton and Boer standing shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy.

In the "thirties" many thousands of Boer farmers made what was called "the great trek" from British territory, and settled in the northern parts of South Africa, because they disliked British laws and British restraints—especially the enactments against slavery. As a matter of fact, we cannot altogether blame them, for British colonial policy in those days was difficult enough to understand, and when a new ministry came in, with new fads, it overturned the policy of its predecessor in a way that must have greatly puzzled and exasperated those who lived in the colony. The Boer slave-owners were paid only about a sixth of the real value of their slaves when the British Government set them free, and that rankled.

Livingstone had always been on friendly terms with the Boer farmers, and he never made sweeping assertions about them. They were, as a rule, most hospitable people, and in some ways reminded Livingstone of the Lowland farmers of his own Scotland. When the Scottish traveller arrives to-day at a Boer farm

and begs for shelter for the night, the farmer's hearty "Kom binnen" must strangely recall the homely "Come ben" of the good Scots folk at home.

But the Boer settlers round about Koloben were not proper specimens of their kind. Some of them were not true Boers at all, but needy adventurers. They were all "on the make," and their one idea was to get as much as they could out of the country. There was much "bad blood" between them and the natives. The Betshuanaland people had many tales of wrong and cruelty to bring against the Boers, and though some of these barbarities were really the work of German travellers through the country, the Boers brought on themselves not a little of the hatred the natives felt for them. On the other hand, the Boer farmers accused the people of Betshuanaland of some horribly savage doings, many of the tales of which were probably perfectly true, although for the most part such deeds were the work of the Kafirs. Livingstone never expected too much of the native African; he knew what a long time it must take to change the heart of the savage. He never sent home unduly rosy accounts of mission work; he knew his black friends were just children, and naughty and cruel children at that. But he did expect the white man to set a higher standard, and if the natives skinned alive one of their Boer neighbours when

they caught him, Livingstone felt the man had probably brought it on himself.

It requires a special gift to manage natives of primitive races. The sheer bully is no good whatever, any more than he is here at home. But, on the other hand, any weakness or indecision of character is quite fatal. Some most self-sacrificing and kindly men are failures as missionaries for that reason. They would fail in *any* capacity if they had to live amongst African natives, and they would probably fail at home in England if they had to take a class of boys in a school. The natives "take their measure" in no time, and having been given an inch they proceed to take any number of ells. Gradually impertinences grow into something worse, and the unfortunate fellow finds himself in a state of actual danger. Then perhaps in a moment of alarm he will use his revolver, the natives are thoroughly aroused and no one hears anything more of that Englishman. In his journey through Masailand Joseph Thomson, the traveller, came across a missionary in that sort of a predicament. The Wa-Teita whom he was working amongst had discovered he might be "cheeked" with impunity, and the white man was living in real terror of his life, insolent-looking fellows lounging about his hut, squatting in his doorway, demanding money and goods at every turn.

It is safe to say that no man ever "cheeked" Livingstone; or if any one ever did, he didn't try it a second time. He was the kindest and most reasonable of masters, more like a brother than a *bwana* to his men. But a master he was always, and they knew it well. Their love of him was founded upon respect, for he was the great white chief as well as the *padre*. In one of his books on African travel Captain A. St H. Gibbons says: "In my own mind I feel sure the keynote of successful travel among the more remote peoples of the African continent is the note that was struck by Livingstone . . . to be dignified, but not overbearing, to be courteous without being either cold or familiar, and to be fair and just." Captain Gibbons made a remarkable journey through Barotseland and the vast kingdom (larger than the German Empire) ruled over by King Lewanika, the successor of Livingstone's friend, Sekeletu, and he attributed a great part of his success to the wonderful influence of Livingstone. It was more than twenty years after the great explorer's death that Captain Gibbons entered Barotseland, and yet he was able to write: "Undue credit has been given me by some for having successfully travelled a considerable tract of unknown country alone and without armed escort. The bulk of such credit belongs to David Livingstone for the confidence his name still inspires. . . . Until I entered the

Mashikolumbwe country my person and property were at least as safe as they are in London. Fair play is a jewel! We English boast that we love it. Why, then, deny the missionaries their due?"

Where Livingstone came agog with the Boers was on the question of native labour. The Boer farmers looked upon every native as "black property." They were afraid that if Livingstone went on teaching and civilising Setshele's people the "worm would turn" and might make it unpleasant for them. "You must teach the blacks that they are not equal to us," said Hendrick Potgeiter to Livingstone. "You might as well teach the baboons on the rocks as these Africans," said another Boer. Livingstone suavely suggested a test case—namely, to see which of the two could read best, a Boer or one of his native servants; but Hendrick and his friends were not keen to try this. The Boer farmers were, in fact, astonishingly ignorant; lots of their children could not read or write. They were most jealous of any interference, and when a rumour reached them of Lord Rosse's big telescope having been fixed up at Cape Town one of them said to Livingstone: "What right has your Government to set up that large glass at the Cape to look after us behind the Cashan Mountains?"

What Livingstone called "the myth of the black pot" began to grow. They made out

that the Doctor was arming Setshele's natives, and that the cooking-pot he had given the chief for his elephant hunt was in reality a cannon. Their object was to keep the country as backward as possible, so that no one but themselves would care to come there; and as often as they dared they waylaid travellers and drove them out of Betshuanaland. Livingstone was determined that his countrymen should not be kept out of that country, and he was equally determined that the Boers should not be allowed to treat the natives as they did.

It has often been said that if the Boers had not beaten Chaka, the cruel king of the Zulu race, his fierce impis would soon have "eaten up" the last remaining native in Betshuanaland. So no doubt Setshele's people did owe their existence to the Boers. But that argument can, of course, be made to "cut both ways," for if Chaka and his Zulus had not "eaten up" so many of the men of Betshuanaland, and thus left the Boers a free field, the men of Betshuanaland would most certainly have eaten up the Boers. Such was the Africa of those stirring days. It was *kill or be killed.*

CHAPTER V

BOERS AND RHINOS

"What a mission it would be if there were no difficulties—nothing but walking about in slippers made by admiring young ladies! Hey! that would not suit me. It would give me the doldrums." (*A Letter from* LIVINGSTONE.)

THE Boer settler's ideal land was a land where there were no laws, no policemen, no taxes, and nothing to prevent him doing exactly what he liked! To this list ought to be added "no missionaries"; for the Boers simply could not comprehend the missionaries' point of view as to the native question. They thought it was only a pretence for spreading British influence in that wild country. The typical Boer farmer and his family of stalwart sons lived a most easy-going and very delightful life. Dressed in a slouch hat, flannel shirt and trousers, the farmer would start off with his rifle and come back with a buck for supper at night. His wants were few, and when hunting failed a small flock of cattle, goats and sheep supplied all his family needed. All the work that had to be done was done by black slaves. They were not called slaves, but Livingstone found that that was the only word that suited the case. When they

could not get enough servants to do their work they deliberately organised a raid on one of the native tribes. Forcing a party of natives before them as they rode, the Boers, when they reached the village, would coolly fire over the heads of the blacks, using them as a shield, till the unfortunate villagers fled and left them in possession of their cattle, women and children. Raids of this kind happened nine times during Livingstone's stay at Koloben, and over and over again he caught the Boers kidnapping native children, so that they might grow up in their service and be the more useful as slaves. In these raids they would often shoot down in cold blood both men and women, and Livingstone would hear them justify their doings in most sanctimonious fashion by calling themselves "God's chosen people," and dubbing all natives as "creatures," given to them as an inheritance by Jehovah. The Boer could always produce a text for anything he did, and one of their most cruel raids was justified by the Boer, Pretorius, as only obeying Deuteronomy xx. 10–14.

Livingstone found the attitude of the British colonial authorities exceedingly puzzling at this time. The Kafirs were our avowed enemies, and yet there was no restriction on the sale of guns and ammunition to them. The Betshuanaland people were our loyal friends, but the strictest laws were enforced to prevent

Setshele's people from obtaining rifles. When Livingstone started for his expedition to the Zambesi he was not allowed to take more than ten pounds of gunpowder with him, lest it should find its way into Betshuana powder-horns. In the same way the Government would not see that the Boers were doing all they could to shut the country against British enterprise. The consequence was that the Boers felt pretty safe in attacking Setshele, and one day four hundred armed Boers made an assault on the Bakwains, killed a good number of natives and carried off two hundred of Livingstone's school-children into slavery. "Setshele," said they, "was getting too saucy."

Poor Setshele went up to Cape Town full of his wrongs and determined to lay his case before the "Great White Mother"—Queen Victoria. But he was treated so coldly by the authorities that he returned to his kraal, and was there cheered up a little by the news that his young men had attacked some Boer wagons and had taken several prisoners. This rather frightened the Boers, and they agreed to return Setshele's two sons, who had been given as slaves to a Boer named Scholz. The body of one of these unfortunates was a mass of burns when he returned to his father's kraal.

Livingstone, however, was made a scapegoat by the Boers. They said that Setshele would

never have dared to attack them if this missionary had not put absurd ideas into the heads of his people. They accordingly bided their time, and one day later on, when the Doctor was in Cape Town, a Boer force attacked the mission station, stole everything they could lay their hands upon, and destroyed the rest. After holding an auction and selling all Livingstone's furniture and clothes, they broke up his medicine bottles, tore in pieces his precious books and the journals he had kept with such care, and strewed the country round about with the remnants of his library. Finally, they made off with eighty head of cattle.

But the Boers met their match in Setshele's people. In the end it was Livingstone's teaching and training that "told." There can be no doubt that the well-known traveller, Sir Harry Johnston, is right when he says that the real reason why Betshuanaland finally became British territory was the firm resistance of Setshele's people to Boer aggression, and that, he says, was entirely due to the influence of the missionary. "The Boers," wrote Livingstone, "resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open up the country; we shall see who have been the most successful in resolution, they or I."

As a matter of fact it is only now that we really see how enormously important it was for us to keep that route through Betshuanaland.

As Earl Grey said not long ago, Betshuanaland is "the neck of the bottle"; it leads into the great Zambesi district. What Germany tried hard to do was to seize "the neck of the bottle," and then she would be able to connect her two African colonies and have a base to conquer the whole of Central and Southern Africa. That is why she tried to use the Boers as tools against us, as Livingstone's friend, Sir Bartle Frere, was one of the first to see. He quoted Livingstone's words to Earl Grey and to Mr Cecil Rhodes, and that clever statesman was able to put a spoke into the German wheel and stop their plan from succeeding. And now, in spite of the Kaiser's efforts, it is the Boers themselves who have joined us and enabled us to conquer the enemy.

It was very different in Livingstone's day. The Boer settlers warned him that they would attack any tribe that received a native teacher, and did all they could to make the position hot for him. But the Doctor took no notice of them whatever, and went on with his work in the district as usual. His never-failing sense of humour carried him over most of the hard places in life, as the following characteristic entry in his Journal for 1853 will testify: "Boers are very kind, and great rogues. . . . The follies of men make the world interesting. What a dull, drivelling affair it would be if the universe were regulated according to the dicta

of heavy Dutch Predikants, for instance! Who would not wish to escape from a chaos of everlasting humdrum!"

He and his man Paul had rather a narrow escape from a rhinoceros while on the way back from visiting a native village. The rhinoceros is one of the stupidest beasts in Africa, but travellers agree that that makes him one of the most dangerous. He is exceedingly short-sighted, but more than makes up for that by his abnormal power of hearing. Every year a large number of natives are killed by rhinos, and the native herdsmen will drive their cattle a long way round to avoid a covert into which they see fresh rhino spoor leading. It requires some nerve to stand up to a rhinoceros and plug him at twenty yards; he comes down upon the sportsman like an express train, two tons of ugly, charging vengeance. Nowadays rhinos are scarcer, and the Government shooting licence only allows two to the hunter; but in Livingstone's day Betshuanaland was full of the dangerous beasts and the traveller had to keep a wary eye open for them. No beast of its size can tread so silently through the bush, and it is almost uncanny to watch one moving like a silent shadow, only thirty or forty yards away, over ground covered with dry and crackly twigs and thorns. Before a man knows where he is he has almost stumbled on his rhino.

On this particular occasion Livingstone and

Paul were looking for a ford across a river, and were about twenty yards from the wagon, when they came upon a black rhinoceros. Her calf had been born during the night, and she was in a fury to defend the funny little red beast that trotted beside her. In a moment she had charged, and the two men had just time to fling themselves into a deep rut before the great beast thundered past them. She went straight for their wagon, and charged it like a locomotive, smashing one of the wheels into matchwood, and playing the mischief with Livingstone's stores. But next moment she was off, and they saw the last of her.

Livingstone risked his life a hundred times over by riding alone as he did through a country infested by lions and rhinos; and many of his rides were done by night, when some patient sent to beg the Doctor to come and attend to him. But he never gave a thought to any danger of that sort. Probably, if the truth were known, he enjoyed the risk; and, besides, he was generally thinking out some problem that puzzled him, or hatching a new grammar of the Sichuana langu..ge, which fascinated him from its likeness to the ancient tongue of the Egyptians.

The long drought at Koloben was making that settlement a very difficult one to live in, and Livingstone began to plan a move to some better position. His idea was to make an

expedition into Sebituane's territory to see if that powerful chief would give him a site for a mission settlement. In the spring of 1849 the chief's nephew sent messengers to Livingstone asking him to pay him a visit in the lake country. This man, who called himself "Chief of the people of the Lake," sent glowing accounts of the richness of his country, and said there was as much ivory to be had as any white man could desire. "The Lake" was, in fact, Lake Ngami—that mysterious stretch of water that Livingstone had for such a long time determined to discover. He told an English officer whom he met that he wanted to get up an expedition to Lake Ngami, and in that way the news came to the man of all others whom Livingstone would have welcomed as a fellow-explorer.

William Cotton Oswell was one of the greatest hunters in Africa, the type of British sportsman and pioneer whom Sir Rider Haggard has immortalised in *Allan Quatermain*. In "spooring, beastcraft and woodcraft" the native hunters admitted him to be their equal; and among themselves he was known by the name of *Tlaga* (the wary, the wideawake), a title which has much the same meaning as Quatermain's famous nickname, Macumazahn. In character one may see Oswell as he was if one can imagine Allan and big, chivalrous Sir Henry Curtis rolled into one. Oswell had an

appointment under the H.E.I.C.S. in India, but had come home to England to visit his dying mother, and after her death he applied for an extension of his leave and sailed for the Cape. It was not his first visit to Africa, for some years before this he had trekked from Cape Town to Kuruman, and had there met Livingstone. The two men had immediately taken to one another, and Oswell was always in hopes of meeting him again. During this visit to South Africa he had run across another hunter, Mungo Murray of Lintrose, the brother of a fellow-official of his own in India, and they arranged for a small hunting trip in each other's company. Stories of Lake Ngami were at that time "in the air," and, even before this meeting with Livingstone, Oswell had been strongly tempted to enter the lists as a discoverer. What finally decided him was the message from the chief to Livingstone, describing the magnificent sporting country in which the lake lay. Oswell and Murray looked forward enthusiastically to a really splendid time amongst the elephants, and hoped that some fine tusks might perhaps more than repay them for the cost of the expedition.

As an elephant hunter the natives had an unbounded awe of Mr Oswell's skill and daring. Stories went the round of how he had killed four large old bull elephants in a day. In the true old sportsman's fashion, he hunted without dogs,

and as that greatly increased the risk of elephant hunting, the natives spoke of him as a man of exceptional bravery. The greatest compliment they ever paid Livingstone was when they said to him: "If you were not a missionary you would be just like Oswell; you would hunt without dogs!"

The same remark applies in lion hunting. Undoubtedly the *safest* way to shoot a lion is to follow him with a pack of especially trained dogs. But it is more than doubtful if that method deserves to be called sportsmanlike. The lion is so worried and distracted by the noisy, yapping crowd that the hunter can just walk up to him and shoot him in the head. In fact such well-known lion hunters as Mr Cunninghame and Mr S. E. White have said it is quite as unjustifiable to kill the king of beasts by such tactics as it is to poison him. It was not in that way that William Oswell and Livingstone went a-hunting.

Livingstone and the two English sportsmen accepted the chief's invitation to the lake country, and Oswell generously paid all the expenses of the guides. At the beginning of June the expedition set out, and the long procession of eighty oxen, twenty horses and about twenty men made its way slowly through the country skirting the desert land, and then struck off boldly north-westward across a corner of the great Kalahari Desert.

Oswell was "the guide" of this celebrated expedition, which resulted in the discovery of the River Zuga and Lake Ngami. He also shared in many of Livingstone's other important discoveries, most notably in the discovery of the Zambesi and these regions. The name of Oswell deserves to be remembered and held in honour, and yet it is doubtful whether it will ever be as well known to posterity as the name of many a traveller of far less greatness. It was not Livingstone's fault that Oswell never had his due, for again and again he most publicly acknowledged what his friend had done for Africa. It was simply owing to Oswell's own modesty and his dislike for the pen of the ready writer. He was the despair of the Geographical Society, and could hardly be induced to state in black and white the results of his own wonderful journeys and discoveries. Both Murray and Captain Vardon belonged to the same brave brotherhood of hunters. They were not fond of describing their doings, and it is doubtful if their names are known outside the circle of old friends and of those who really know what their discoveries helped to do for modern Africa.

The men who have "*done* things" have very often lacked the power to describe them. Someone once said: "Speke was named *a non spekendo*!" In one of Oswell's letters to his friend, Sir Samuel Baker, he said: "I think

most ancient Africans are dumb." Oswell himself, when he was amongst friends, had a very wonderful gift of description, and his contribution to the Badminton Library on Big Game shows what a vivid writer he was as well. But he could seldom be persuaded to write about his own doings; he had a natural disinclination for it and a positive dread of "the journalist."

Oswell was the closest and most intimate friend that Livingstone ever had. Their friendship, as Louis Stevenson would have said, was "without capitulation," as all true friendships are. They both knew their own minds, but in very many ways they mutually influenced one another. Livingstone, quite unconsciously, gave his hunter friend a very real sense of the Purpose of his work and of all their travels, just as the inner steadfastness of the man influenced everyone who travelled much with him. And living in close friendship with a man like Oswell was in many ways just the kind of experience that meant much to David Livingstone; "it widened things out a bit" for him, and helped him to become the man he was.

Six feet in height, sinewy and muscular; a handsome, fearless face; an eagle glance, but full of kindliness; a man who loved horses and bore the unmistakable mark of one of the greatest of our Public Schools and of Indian

official life, Oswell was a perfect travelling companion, and a most generous and lovable character.

One can see clearly from Livingstone's Journals how unconsciously he was influenced by Oswell's standpoint in very various ways. Oswell belonged to the true order of sportsmen. He loved natural history as passionately as Livingstone did, and the entire butcher tribe, bent only upon "making a bag," had not, as he said, a single kindly word from *him*. In one of his letters he writes: "I am sorry now for all the fine old beasts I have killed, but I was young then; there was excitement in the work; I had large numbers of men to feed, and if these are not considered sound excuses . . . the regret is lightened by the knowledge that every animal I shot, save three elephants, was eaten by man, and so put to a good use."

When they first met, Oswell was a little disappointed because Livingstone, the serious young missionary, seemed to look upon shooting game for a large camp as a mere amusement, and evidently did not grasp the importance of the matter on a march, when the *shikar* has to provide perhaps several hundred persons with their daily food. But Livingstone's attitude towards that and other things changed as time went on. In his Journal he wrote: "We had reason to be proud of Oswell's success, for the inhabitants conceived from it a very high idea

of English courage." A hundred times in Oswell's letters that sentiment was returned; for he looked upon Livingstone, both in moral courage and personal pluck, as the bravest man he ever met.

CHAPTER VI

THE PATHFINDERS

"The mere animal pleasure of travelling is very great. Most travellers seem taken up with the difficulties of the way; the pleasures of roaming free seem forgotten."

(LIVINGSTONE'S *Journal*.)

CROSSING the Kalahari Desert was not, of course, like trying to cross the sandy Sahara. There were trees here and there, where water was to be found, and there were native tribes living in that wilderness. But it was a blank, hopeless-looking region, and travelling over it was little joy. Everywhere were sun-baked hillocks, sandy steeps and old, dry water-courses. The wait-a-bit thorn caught at the travellers' clothing, and they had to look out for scorpions and poisonous centipedes. From time to time they came across herds of eland, steinbuck and gemsbuck, which are all able to do without water for long periods, as they live on the bulbs and desert melons, which contain a good deal of moisture in themselves. Whenever they met with the spoor of rhinos, buffaloes, or giraffes, they knew water could not be very far away. Parts of this great desert are apparently absolutely waterless, and yet the wild tribes that live there know how to find

moisture even in that arid land. The Bakalahari, or desert people, and the little bushmen followed the migrations of the game herds all over the desert, but how they managed to live in such a place puzzled Livingstone. It was the Matabele warriors who first drove the Bakalahari into the desert, and the natives told many stories of how the wily tribesmen lured their Matabele enemy after them into a waterless tract of the wilderness. Burning with thirst, the warriors arrived at last in a bushman settlement and asked for water, but the little men told them coolly that not a drop was to be had. The Matabele could not believe that even a bushman could live without water, and, sitting down, they watched these people night and day to see where they kept their supply. At last their thirst drove them farther, and they departed, saying: "Yak! Yak! These are not men. Let us go!"

How Livingstone discovered these bushmen's secrets can only be put down to the wonderful influence he always seemed to have over native tribes. Like Hannington, he had a special gift with natives, and always won their confidence and friendship. The Bakalahari had hidden water supplies underground, and had a most ingenious method of sucking up moisture from the soil. The women would bring ostrich shells with a hole in one end and would push a two-foot reed into the ground.

Ramming the sand firmly round the reed, they sucked hard at the other end of it, and after a time water rose into their mouths. Along a straw the water was then cleverly guided into the ostrich eggs. A method very much the same sort is used by the natives in parts of Central Africa to-day, and hunters have sometimes to choose between thirst and water sucked up into the mouth of a native woman and probably blood-stained from her cracked lips. The little desert people whom Livingstone met buried their precious water-eggs in the sand, and if any wandering strangers arrived they might search in vain for water, and would have to retire in disgust, which was just what the Bakalahari wanted them to do. The bushmen always amused and interested Livingstone. He said they were not such wanton liars as the Betshuana people.

After some days' march they thought they had really discovered Lake Ngami. Oswell, who was a little ahead, suddenly raised a shout and threw his cap into the air in triumph. What he saw appeared to be a great stretch of water in the light of the setting sun. It was indeed so exactly like a lake that it deceived even the animals with them, but in another few moments the party realised their mistake. In that district the mirage plays cruel tricks over the shining surface of vast natural salt-pans, and the glitter on the scintillating face of the

plain was like the sparkle of little rippling waves. The real lake was still three hundred miles away; so on they trudged once more, and in due time came to less arid country.

Livingstone was full of the enthusiasm of the true explorer. Almost every day's march told him facts about this wonderful unknown Africa which had been a fast secret from any European before. The old maps of Africa contained more blanks than names, and the mountains and rivers that were printed on them were generally mere guesswork. As the old rhyme has it:

> "Cartographers in Afric's maps
> With savage pictures fill the gaps,
> And o'er the inhospitable downs
> Place elephants instead of towns!"

One has to open a modern map to realise what we owe to Livingstone.

Certainly "the downs" were inhospitable enough, for they had to pass through some pretty dangerous and fever-ridden country; but there were compensations, and to Oswell the *elephants* made up for everything. It was a regular hunter's paradise, and they came across great herds of elephants and a particularly wary and dangerous species of white rhinoceros, armed with a straight horn. This rhino, known as the *quebaaba*, has a horn of about forty-three or forty-four inches in length, which, unlike the horn of its commoner cousin,

curves slightly downwards instead of in an upward direction. When charging it carries its head very low, with the point of its wicked-looking horn quite close to the ground. To come suddenly upon a rhinoceros, as it stands stock-still among the bushes, with not a single motion in all its vast bulk except in its twinkling little pig-eyes, is almost like approaching an armoured car. The African rhino is a much bigger animal than the Indian beast one generally sees in a menagerie at home. He may measure anything up to six feet from the shoulder, and perhaps fourteen feet or more from stem to stern. When he does see you he can whirl about with the agility of a polo pony, and to see him charge is like watching a motor van coming down upon one, full steam up and endowed with an eagerly wicked disposition.

One thing the African rhino certainly does do—he makes useful paths for the traveller through difficult country. Thorn thickets, scrub, trees, all go down before this mighty steam-roller as he goes upon his way.

In the district where they came upon the *quebaaba* Oswell had two encounters with these white rhinos which nearly cost him his life.

On the first occasion he was riding Stael, his favourite horse, when he sighted the rhinoceros. Firing both barrels at the beast, Oswell tried to turn his mount and make off. But a thick bush under Stael's chest stopped him for a moment,

and in another second the wounded rhino was upon him. It drove in its horn under the horse's flank, and lifting its head it tossed horse and rider into the air with such terrific force that the point of the long horn pierced the saddle. As they fell the iron stirrup scalped Oswell's head for four inches in length and breadth. The rhino passed within a foot of the hunter's body and then made off across country. Without a moment's pause Oswell leapt upon his servant's horse and was after his enemy like the wind. He had to wring the blood out of his eyes and to hold down the loose piece of scalp upon his head with his left hand, but on drawing up with the rhino he managed to hold his rifle steady with the right arm and shot the great beast dead. No words give one a better picture of Livingstone's friend than his own description of the affair: "That very morning," he wrote, "I had talked to Stael affectionately, as a man can talk to a good horse, telling him how when the hunting was over I would make him fat and happy. . . . It was with a very sore heart that I put a ball through his head, took the saddle from his back and started wagonwards, walking half the distance, ten miles, and making my after-rider do likewise." That was just like Hunter Oswell. Shaken and bleeding, he shared the ten-mile tramp as a simple matter of course with his black servant.

In his second accident with a rhino Oswell was on foot when the great beast gave chase. In a moment, almost, the great horn came lapping round his thigh; but even as the head went up, and Oswell with it, the hunter managed to fire both barrels into his enemy. When he came to upon the ground Oswell found he had a deep gash in his thigh, eight inches long and down to the bone in all its length, and it was a month before he was able to be up and about once more.

One thing the natives could never understand, and that was why white men should leave their own country and come so far merely to shoot game. "Why, these men are rich," they would say, "and they could slaughter oxen every day of their lives—and yet they come here, and endure so much thirst for the sake of this dry meat, none of which is equal to beef! Yes, and it is for the sake of *play* besides!" and the puzzled one would laugh as if to say, "Here are fools!"

One day Oswell, who was riding in front of the wagons, saw what he thought was some animal rushing through the grass. He galloped after it and found it was a little bushwoman. She, poor creature, thought it was the usual thing—a thief—and began to deliver up her small bundle of traps. Never was a bushwoman more surprised when Livingstone, who came up, told her they only wanted water and

would pay her if she led them to a spring. They gave her finally a large piece of meat and some beads and made the little woman laugh before she left them. Livingstone and Oswell, like Hannington and like Selous, belonged to that small band of true sportsmen who would rather starve than take a pound of food by force from ignorant natives. That could certainly not be said of many a hunting expedition in wildest Africa in the past. The food question is always a burning one, and sometimes a leader finds himself with several hundred men who have to be fed or they will rebel. Africa has demoralised a good many men; they have ended by doing things they would not care for people at home to know about.

It is true that a notable German explorer, who shall be nameless, coolly told an Edinburgh audience some years ago how he had cleared the natives out of his way. The present writer remembers very well hearing this man describe the effect of a Gatling gun upon a native village that, not altogether unnaturally, had not given him a warm welcome as he and his greedy caravan passed that way. But in the earlier days of African travel some cruel deeds were done by men who, unlike Livingstone, did not try to understand the native mind. There was absolutely no rule anywhere in the Africa of that day. Might was right, and cruelty reigned supreme. Every man's hand was against the

man of another tribe, and disease or the slave trade devastated vast tracts of country. One of the best-known lion hunters used to say that every *sefari*, or hunting expedition, not so very long ago, meant "a little war." Things have changed now—and the greatest of the men who brought that change about in Africa was David Livingstone.

In one of his letters William Oswell describes Livingstone's astonishing patience with regard to native customs. "I have sat seven weeks with him," Oswell writes, "on the bank of a swamp, because he was unwilling to run counter to the wishes of the people. I pressed him to move on with the horses; no active opposition would have been offered; but he would not wound the prejudices of the natives—and he was right." A saying that Lord Roberts was fond of quoting was that "There is a door everywhere which can be opened by love and sympathy and practical service." Lots of men have failed in Africa just because they have not troubled to fit the right key to the door, or else perhaps because, unlike David Livingstone, they did not possess that key!

The River Zuga brought Livingstone, Oswell and Murray to the end of their trek, and now the best thing to be done was evidently to leave the wagons and follow the river to the lake. The Bakoba River people of that district practically lived in their frail canoes, which

were merely trunks of trees scooped into the shape of a boat. If the tree was a crooked one the canoe was crooked too. They even slept in their canoes at night, the woods containing too many enemies to be comfortable. The white travellers made friends with these people and were paddled down the beautiful river in canoes. Sometimes they came in for an exciting scene on the river, and watched the native harpooners launch their javelins at a hippopotamus in full flight. It was as risky a business as whaling, and the hippo often got the best of it. He would turn upon his assailants and try his best to crush the canoe with his teeth, or smash it with a kick from his powerful hind foot.

The native harpoon is an ingenious weapon. An iron spear is fixed to the end of a long pole by strips of hibiscus bark, which is wound closely round the whole length of the shaft and secured at the opposite end. The hunters then paddle quietly down upon a sleeping hippo and plunge the harpoon into his body. The force of the blow separates the iron javelin from the corded handle, so that when the hippo sinks to the bottom of the river he carries the harpoon with him, attached to its long, unravelled cord. A small bladder at the end of the cord floats upon the surface, and after a discreet interval the canoe is paddled back to this float, and the dead or almost dead monster is secured in safety.

That is one way of hunting hippo; another method is to trap him. Livingstone came across a number of hippo traps, and nasty, dangerous things they are. Over one of the reedy tracks leading up from the river is suspended an enormous beam of wood. This beam hangs by a cord from a tall, forked pole, and at its "business end" is armed with a long spear-head smeared with poison. As soon as the hippo treads on a catch in the path, beneath the pole, the heavy weapon falls upon him, driving the spear deep into his back. The poison does not affect the meat, and in a short time that hippo becomes chops and steaks for the native hunters. Sometimes, however, the hunter is caught in one of these snares himself, as they are most cunningly concealed, and make the riverside tracks most dangerous for the unwary traveller.

These African marshes teem with every description of wild life. Livingstone delighted in the constant variety of game and the strange-plumaged birds that rose from the reeds along the river. Here they would see scores of *plotuses* and cormorants stretching out their snake-like heads; there great flocks of pelicans gliding over the water. Pretty little red and yellow weaver birds darted in and out of the grasses like big butterflies; tall herons stood silently gazing into the pools; flocks of small hawks pursued the dragon-flies; bright yellow

ardetta flashed past in hundreds; and overhead hung great vultures and kites, closely quartering their reedy hunting-grounds. The little *ardetta* often prepared them for larger game concealed amongst the grass, for a flock of them would suddenly descend upon the backs of buffaloes and betray them to the hunters. Parts of the river scenery, again, strongly reminded Livingstone of the Clyde above Blantyre, and made him for the moment home-sick for the old country.

Then at last, on 1st August 1849, they came to the lake, and Livingstone saw the mysterious waters that he had planned for so many years to find. Lake Ngami means *Lake Giraffe* in the native language. It was evidently called so from its long, straggling shape, not unlike that big animal. When Livingstone and Oswell saw it first, it seemed a vast inland sea, stretching as far as the eye could reach. One of the rivers that joined on with the Zuga was called the Tamunakle, and a native told Livingstone that it came from "a country full of rivers (or lakes), so many no one could tell their number, and full of large trees." This fired the Doctor's imagination, and he could think of nothing but that wonderful waterway in the heart of Africa, flowing through tracts that were marked "desert" upon the maps, but which he was convinced were nothing of the kind. We shall see how it led eventually to his

great discovery of Lake Tanganyika and the other big African lakes.

Lake Ngami, when Livingstone saw it, was very much larger than it is to-day, and its height above sea-level is still a matter of dispute among geographers, in spite of modern exactness in such matters. Perhaps it may fall to one of our readers to be the man to go to "Lake Giraffe" for himself and settle the matter once and for all.

During this journey Livingstone, Oswell and Murray found an entirely new species of *lechwe*—a beautiful water-antelope, which in due time was named by zoologists after its famous discoverers.

It must have been very wonderful in those early days to wander over that vast game country of Africa. Nowadays there are few *really* wild places left in the whole world. Even in the game districts of British East Africa the paths are all well known; a *safari* is almost too evidently "conducted" for the rich Britishers; and the old-timers shake their heads.

Just before the war of 1914 Mr S. E. White and the well-known lion hunter, Mr Cunninghame, travelled through what is probably the last bit of completely virgin country in all Africa. It is in the centre of what was German East Africa, and there, on its vast plains, the hunter might gaze, as Livingstone did, on the countless herds of every species of game, or

track the wild elephant in his own forests. In his journals Livingstone often described a *safari* through such country. In one of his letters home he wrote how they saw elephants, buffaloes, zebras, pigs, hippos, so tame and in such enormous numbers that "it seemed as if we had got back to the time when megatheriæ roamed about, undisturbed by man." They had, he declares, to shout to them to get out of the way! Lions were so numerous in some districts that all the native huts were built on trees, and the people never went half-a-mile in the woods alone.

CHAPTER VII

"THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT"

"What a little thing is sufficient to bring down to old-wifeishness such a rough tyke as I consider myself!"

LIVINGSTONE.

WHAT prevented Livingstone from making his mission settlement in that desirable land was nothing more nor less than—a fly! But that special kind of fly has played the mischief with many a well-laid scheme in Africa. When the early adventurers tried to penetrate into the interior of Zambesia, it was this fly that stopped them. When Portugal, later on, made plans to found a great African Empire, again it was this fly that put an end to their dreams. What nothing else could do—the tsetse fly did. Probably if one were to ask a modern statesman what still prevents the Zambesi valley from being one of the greatest granaries of the world, he would answer: "Malaria and the tsetse." The reason why this is such a formidable insect is that it carries the germs of a terrible disease called "the nagana," and when it bites cattle, horses or goats, this disease kills them off in thousands. We know now, though Livingstone

did not know it then, that when the tsetse fly bites a man it is liable to infect his blood with the germ of the "sleeping sickness," a disease that has decimated whole populations, especially among the negroes.

The tsetse fly itself, whose name is the native attempt to imitate its *buzz* (fortunately a pretty loud buzz, for one can hear it coming!), is only a little larger than an ordinary house fly; it has a brownish body with yellow stripes. But it belongs to a family called by scientists the *Glossina,* which, as Sir H. H. Johnston once said, has been one of our most deadly foes in the history of the world, and is far more dangerous than any enemy that runs on four legs or on two. If Africa is to be opened up our motto must be: "Kill that fly!" There was no such thing as yellow fever in tropical America until the slave ships full of African slaves brought it from Africa, and in the same way the slave trade brought the sleeping sickness to parts of Africa where the dangers of the tsetse fly had never been known before. Livingstone could no doubt have preached a telling sermon from that text.

When he and Oswell found Lake Ngami, and tried to go up the River Tamunakle, they found the tsetse fly in full possession. It was hopeless to attempt a settlement in that district, for the cattle and horses all died of "the nagana" disease. There seemed to be no help for it, and

so they were obliged to go farther afield. Only within the last few years has it been found out how one may deal with the tsetse and do something to stop sleeping sickness. One must destroy the young tsetse larvæ by clearing away the jungle where it is hatched; by killing the herds of wild pig, to which the tsetse is especially partial; by teaching people to be clean (a difficult job in Africa); and by injecting some stuff called *atoxyl* into a man's blood if he is bitten by the fly. Perhaps those who read this little book may yet live to see the tsetse worsted—that appalling insect that Livingstone discovered, and which put such a stop to his plans.

He was sure that if he went north he would come upon a healthier spot for his mission station. So Livingstone went back to Koloben for his wife and children, and the whole party returned to the lake, *en route* for Sebituane's country.

It was a very way-worn family party that arrived at Ngami. Mrs Livingstone was ill, and the three children were practically in rags, and so unmercifully bitten by mosquitoes that there was not a square inch of whole skin on their poor little bodies. Their father took them down to the shore, and they "took to playing in the lake as ducklings do." "Paidling in it was great fun," said they. They were the first white children who had ever seen that great

lake or "paidled" in its waters. But fever drove them all back to Koloben, and there the fourth little baby Livingstone was born, and died six weeks after her birth.

When Livingstone and his wife went to see her parents at Kuruman, they were both ill, and their experiences quite horrified poor Mrs Moffat. She could not believe her ears when she heard that her son-in-law meant to take his wife and children back again to Ngami, and on still farther into the wilds. Had she known what privations they were really in for—how the party would be lost in the desert and nearly die of thirst; how her daughter's fifth child, little Oswell, would be born in a kind of gipsy encampment in the desert sands, and all the other details of the next few strenuous years—Mrs Moffat would have been even more emphatic than she was. When Livingstone had left Kuruman he had a letter from her beseeching him, "in the name of everything that was just, kind, and even decent," to abandon "an arrangement which all the world would condemn." In another letter she said that she prayed he might be "prevented by some dispensation of Providence" from making arrangements "not in accordance with Christian propriety." Livingstone and his wife did not agree with her a bit. They loved her all the more for her dear, old-fashioned words, but quietly took their own way. There never

lived a pluckier woman than Mary Livingstone. She liked roughing it at all times; and if "roughing it" was too mild a word for what she and the children often endured, she stood it cheerfully for the sake of the cause. The fact was that she and her husband staked everything on finding Sebituane. They knew the whole future of the mission depended on Livingstone's influencing that great African chieftain, so they set their teeth firmly and risked *everything*.

The risks were worth it all, for they had a warm welcome in Sebituane's kraal. Sebituane was the most redoubtable warrior in that part of Africa. He had played a big part in history. By sheer genius as a leader of his fierce armies he had conquered the whole Banwaketse country, the entire territory of Ngami as far as Damaraland, the countries of the Zambesi, and what is called Barotseland. If one looks at a map one realises what a mighty ruler Sebituane was. He had made all his conquests by ruthless method, and no general was ever better feared or followed. When he saw the enemy he would feel the edge of his battle-axe and say: "Aha! it is sharp, and whoever turns his back on the foe will feel its edge!"

On his return after the victory no skulker or "slacker" ever escaped the King's wrath. "Ah!" he would say to the trembling wretches, "so you prefer dying at home than in battle, do you? You shall have your desire," and

the unfortunates were immediately led out and executed.

But Sebituane was altogether a different type of African king from the brutal Chaka, or Dingaan. Chaka, whose Zulu impis the Boers had at last overcome, is said to have caused the death of about a million negroes in Southern Africa. He was the king who put his own mother to death and then had seven thousand women killed to celebrate her funeral. He was an obstinate old heathen. But Sebituane, having won his empire, set to work to make it prosper, and when he heard of the white man he eagerly tried to open up trade with him. If all Sebituane's history could be set down it would be one of the most thrilling stories ever written. Sir Rider Haggard might have taken him as a hero of one of his wonderful romances.

This black King was especially pleased at the confidences Livingstone showed in him by bringing his wife and children to his kraal. He gave them a royal welcome and made Livingstone free of all his territory. But almost directly after their arrival Sebituane fell sick, and the Doctor found himself in an awkward situation. He did not dare to prescribe for the King, lest his courtiers should blame him if the royal patient died. The present writer remembers very well being told by an English medical man, a well-known writer and traveller, how he was once placed in a rather similar

predicament. That time, however, it was in a hostile tribe, and it was only because the king was ill and needed the white doctor's medicine that he spared the poor medico's life. "In fact," said the doctor, "I had to *keep* him ill." But in Livingstone's case he probably could not have saved Sebituane. It was acute inflammation of the lungs, and it carried off the King in a day or two. As he lay dying, Livingstone and little Robert crept in through the narrow opening of the royal hut to visit the King. "Come near," said Sebituane, "and see if I am any longer a man; I am done." After sitting with him for a while and praying, Livingstone left the hut, and the last thing he heard Sebituane say was: "Take Robert to Maunku [one of his wives] and tell her to give him some milk."

"I never felt so much grieved by the loss of a black man before," wrote Livingstone, "and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the world of which he had just heard before he was called away, and to realise somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead."

Sebituane's daughter succeeded as chieftainess, and she was most friendly to Livingstone. He might have set out with his wife and children in comparative safety through her dominions. But when he and Oswell discovered the Zambesi, Livingstone realised that no settlement was

possible in those parts. The tsetse fly and fever would prevent them from founding a mission. So, after putting off the decision as long as they could, Livingstone and his wife came to the conclusion that for the sake of the children she must let him travel on alone. It would only be for a very short time, they thought. Anyhow, it had to be. Livingstone took his wife and the children up to Cape Town, saw them safely on board a vessel for England, and then made his way bravely back with Oswell. They neither of them guessed that it would be four and a half years before Bala Daud and Ma Robert would meet again.

During all this time Oswell had been a friend indeed to the Livingstones. When their third boy was born they named him after the hunter. Little Oswell was born at the turn of the Zuga in one of the wildest spots imaginable, and many years afterwards Mr Oswell wrote to Agnes Livingstone describing the place, and telling her how he and she had sat together under the old *camelthorn* trees by the riverside, and Agnes, then a very "tiny tot," had played at making tea, with pods and seeds for tea-things.

When the Livingstones set out for Cape Town Oswell came with them part of the way, and then suddenly and rather mysteriously announced his intention of hurrying on in advance of their caravan. For the moment

they were a little puzzled, and a trifle disappointed, at their friend's undue haste to be gone; but on reaching Cape Town the mystery was explained. Oswell had bought a whole new outfit for Mrs Livingstone and the children. Certainly they needed it badly, for their clothes were reduced to rags, and poor Mrs Livingstone would have been hard put to it to face civilised society. Even then, however, she hesitated before accepting such a generous gift. But Oswell assured her that the elephant tusks he had gained during his travels in their company would more than pay for their little outfit. "Surely," said he, "you have a right to a share of the game on your own preserves."

Another close friend of the Livingstones was William Frederick Webb of Newstead. An old Eton boy (where he had been one of Lord Salisbury's fags and afterwards captain of the boats), he had given up his commission in the 17th Lancers and had come to Africa in search of sport and adventure. The Livingstones met him on the River Zuga, and afterwards at Koloben, when Mr Webb's hunting brought him into that district, and a friendship began which lasted during the rest of Livingstone's life. The natives called him *M'tutla* (the Giraffe) in allusion to his height. He stood six feet four inches in his socks; and as a mighty hunter his name was known all over Africa. Livingstone often thought that it would be hard

to find anywhere two more splendid figures of Englishmen than his two hunter friends, Oswell and Webb.

An incident on one of William Webb's voyages shows the kind of man he was. When his ship was passing through the Red Sea there was a sudden cry of "Man overboard!" and it was discovered that two of the lascars had fallen into the sea.

"Surely the captain is going to stop the ship?" was the first query.

"No," came the answer, "not for mere lascars."

"Then perhaps they will stop for a passenger," cried Webb, and in another moment he plunged into the water.

Livingstone and Webb were, in fact, kindred spirits, and when the Doctor returned to England he spent many months with the Webbs at their beautiful home, and wrote there one of his famous books of travel and adventure. During long years of absence from his family, Livingstone always knew that his boys and girls in England had unfailing friends and guardians in those true old fellow-travellers of his, *Tlaga* and *M'tutla*—Oswell and Webb.

CHAPTER VIII

"THE FIRST 'RIVER' I EVER SAW!"

ONE of Bishop Hannington's inimitable sketches represents the unlucky traveller in his tent surrounded by a perfect mob of inquisitive natives. Livingstone often had the same sort of experience. The one white man they had ever seen was a perpetual source of wonder to the men and women of that unknown land. They would watch his every action and paw all his possessions with untiring zest. His boots and stockings were especial objects of wonder. A few years ago when another Scottish traveller was in the Lake Mweru district he found that all around that part of the world the natives still sing a "Livingstone" song. It was evidently composed by some local ballad-maker when the great white Doctor first arrived amongst them.

> "Ingeresa who slept on the waves,
> Welcome him, for he hath no toes!
> Welcome him, for he hath no toes!"

Ingeresa was their word for a Britisher; and what evidently struck them about this one was that he should have come so many thousands

of miles and yet have no toes—none, anyhow, that *they* could see under his stockings!

One day Livingstone heard two of his porters discussing him, and one of them said: "How thin his legs are! They would not look anything at all, I expect, if he did not put them into those strange bags." That last remark so riled Livingstone that on their next march he fairly walked his men off their legs, and kept it up so sturdily that they looked at him at last with awe. Evidently the queer "bags" hid some muscle!

In one village where he and Oswell arrived on their march a prodigious crowd visited the white men's camp. Among the first was a gentleman who appeared in a gaudy dressing-gown of printed calico. Others wore garments of blue, green and red baize. This, naturally, roused Livingstone's interest, for all the other natives wore nothing at all but their birthday suits of brown. He guessed some trader had been there before him. It turned out that some half-castes had visited this Makololo village and had exchanged gaudy calicoes—*for boys*. It had been quite a new idea to the Makololo, and they naïvely confessed they "disliked it," but the calicoes and green baize were very tempting, and the village elders succumbed. The boys, however, whom they handed over to these Mambari traders were not their own kith and kin, but some captives they had in the village.

A Method of Securing Slaves

The Last of the Slave Dhows

Later on the Mambari visited other Makololo villages, and if calicoes failed muskets succeeded. In one year's raiding they captured over two hundred slaves.

Livingstone felt this gave him still another good reason for finding a highway from the coast into the darkest interior of this land. If once the country were opened up for proper trade, he was convinced this horrible slave business might be stopped.

It was in 1851 that he and Oswell first sighted that highway, when they discovered the great Zambesi River. If Livingstone had never made any other discovery than that his name would go down in history as the greatest of African pioneers. The born explorer must have an even greater gift than grit; he must have that gift of "direction" which really amounts to a seventh sense. Livingstone had that gift. There was no suggestion of such a river on the Portuguese maps he used, for no white man was then aware of its existence in that particular district of Africa. The natives called it the Seshéke at the point where Livingstone first struck the Zambesi. They could tell him little or nothing of the lands farther up the great river. But Livingstone followed his own reasoning, and he knew what a big discovery he had made. As he and Oswell stood on the banks of that mighty tropical waterway and watched its great brown waves surge past them,

they felt they realised for the first time what a *real* river was. "This is the first *river* I ever saw!" exclaimed Livingstone.

Then a native boatman took them in his strange-shaped canoe towards the other shore, and the little craft seemed to bob like a cork upon the yellow waves. As they reached mid-stream and the wonderful scenery opened out, all the two travellers could say to one another was: "How glorious! How splendid!" If it hadn't been for the stolid old native who paddled them, Livingstone declared he would have given way altogether; but then, he added, "that native might have said, 'What on earth are you blubbering for? Afraid of these crocodiles, eh?'" That was so like Baba Daud; he was a very typical Scot. It is amusing to compare his way of describing such occasions to the very electric ones of Stanley.

And so Livingstone made that further entry on his new map of Africa. It is not an easy thing to make a map. It needs a special training to get the exact bearings, and then to set them down. If he had been an ordinary traveller even that wonderful discovery might not have conveyed much to geographers, unless he could also have set it correctly on the map. But he was not only a trained naturalist and geologist, he was an expert geographer himself; and a traveller to-day could journey all over Living-

stone's Africa with one of those beautifully drawn maps made by the great pioneer.

A typical example of his accuracy in map-making may be given. When Livingstone was on the south bank of Lake Tanganyika he mentioned a certain cape, *Akalonga*. At the fixing of the frontiers between British Central Africa and the Congo state the officials reported this to be a mistake on the part of Livingstone. But many years afterwards the traveller Torday proved Livingstone to have been perfectly correct in drawing Cape Akalonga on his map. He found in that district an old native who remembered Livingstone, and Torday closely questioned the man on the subject of the cape. The old man's eyes lit up when he heard again the name of Baba Daud. "He never lied," he said. "Come and see." And at the place marked on Livingstone's map the traveller saw clearly by the soil how the lake had originally stretched up to the foot of the mountain, and *Akalonga* was in fact "a cape."

Fever and the tsetse fly soon proved to Livingstone that he must go farther yet to find a district for his mission; so Oswell and he made their way onward through Linyanti. That journey of theirs must have been a pretty strenuous experience. The whole land in some parts was one big swamp. Near the River Chobe they had to force their way hour after

hour through quite deep marshy water, the sharp reeds, keen as razor-edges, cutting them, and tearing their clothes into tatters. Great tangled masses of climbing convolvulus, with stalks thick and strong as whipcord, brought them up continually against a sort of matted wall. They felt like pigmies in that hot tangle of giant tropical growth, and the perspiration streamed off their bodies as they bent down the stiff reeds and then mounted wearily over the solid, slippery obstacle into the deep waters beyond. The reeds were full of strange sounds; birds of every hue uttered weird cries, and jerked and wriggled among the reedy masses. Now an otter would glide away at their approach, or a water-snake would lift its ugly little head. Again a great splash near by would tell them that a hippo had heard them coming.

More dead than alive, they finally reached dry land, and camped by an inlet to the Chobe. Next day they came upon their friends the Makololo, who looked as if they had seen a ghost when they beheld the draggled white men. "Why," said one of them, "he has dropped among us from the clouds, yet came riding on the back of a hippopotamus! We thought no one could cross the Chobe, but here he drops among us like a bird!"

When Livingstone arrived at Linyanti for the second time he found the whole population of nearly seven thousand natives waiting to

welcome him. Sebituane's son was now King. He was a good-looking native boy of about eighteen, with a skin the colour of coffee and milk, instead of the black hue of the river tribes. Sekelétu, for that was his name, had not been left the throne by his father. Sebituane bequeathed it, as we saw, to his daughter Mamotshisane. But the young princess had no taste at all for power, and begged her brother to act as king. She was a simple-minded girl, and, like many another princess, she longed to be really free, and to be able to live her own life like other girls. As queen of that tribe it was expected of her that she should marry, and it was their immemorial custom for a royal lady to choose her husbands from men already married to other wives. Mamotshisane did not care for this at all, and she hated the thought of meeting the jealous looks of girls who were once her friends. Sekelétu, her brother, was quite ready to act as king, but he had a half-brother named Mpepe, who was furious at being passed over, and who was now working up a party to push Sekelétu off the throne.

Sekelétu welcomed Livingstone, for his father had told him the white man would bring great benefits to his country. He looked upon Baba Daud as almost a miraculous being, and he pressed all sorts of presents upon the Doctor. In return Livingstone gave Sekelétu a lot of

useful gifts. These included an umbrella and a hat; and because Livingstone did not belong to that class of explorer that accepts hundreds of pounds worth of ivory from a native in return for a few yards of calico and a gun that will not shoot, he also gave the King goats, fowls, wine, percussion-caps and other things, worth about thirty-one pounds.

There are some delightful entries in Livingstone's diary, describing his mission work in Sekelétu's village. He taught them many useful things, and in the evenings would get the people together and tell them about God. One sentence in his Journal is very characteristic. "At first," he writes, "we have to enjoin on the women who have children to remain sitting; for when they kneel they squeeze their children, and a simultaneous skirl is set up by the whole troop of youngsters who make the prayer inaudible." There never was a more unconventional missionary. He thoroughly understood the native mind, and was never anything but perfectly simple and natural with them. And that was why his black children all so loved Baba Daud.

Sekelétu and he soon organised an expedition together into the country of the Marotse, and one morning they set out with a retinue of a hundred and sixty servants and porters and came to the village where Mpepe lived. Sebituane, the old king, had left Mpepe the

charge of the royal cattle, and that prince took charge of them so thoroughly that he removed the whole herd to Naliele, where he lived. At this village was a powerful circle of native medicine-men, and the reports of their magic were so alarming that Sekelétu gave his brother's headquarters a wide berth. Sebituane himself had never felt easy about Mpepe's hut of enchantments. Not long before he died he said to Sekelétu: "That hut of incantation will prove fatal to either you or me." Sekelétu quite believed it had proved fatal to his poor old father, and he hoped Livingstone's magic might be strong enough to overcome his half-brother Mpepe's.

Some half-caste Portuguese slave traders had paid a visit to the district, and had carried off the entire population of a Bakalahari village as slaves. Their leader travelled at his ease in a bag-like hammock, carried by slaves; and Sekelétu's people called him "Father of the Bag." Unfortunately Mpepe and the "Father of the Bag" made friends, and together planned a revolt against Sekelétu.

Mpepe's plan was to invite his brother, the chief, to a conference. Then, as they sat together in the hut, he would suddenly give a signal, kill Sekelétu with an axe, and his men would cut down the royal guard. A number of Portuguese retainers of "the Father of the Bag" came up to Mpepe's kraal, so as to be

"in at the death"; and the revolt would certainly have succeeded if it hadn't been for Livingstone.

As soon as the half-castes saw that Sekelétu's guards wore hats of an unusual shape, they guessed a white traveller must have given them their headgear, and suspected he might be amongst the King's followers. Their countenances fell, and they began to pack up in a hurry. They had no wish to run agog with white men; it might spoil their slave trade. Livingstone's appearance, in fact, completely spoilt the little plot.

It was now Sekelétu's turn; but he bided his time. Livingstone and the King had planned an expedition to the Zambesi; and as it was evidently to be a long journey, Sekelétu and his companions rode on oxen—a plan proposed by the Doctor, who, however, was much amused at their not always successful efforts to keep mounted. On the road to Sesheke the party ran into Mpepe. That young rascal was armed with a little axe, and as soon as he saw his brother he made for him. The King managed to turn his ox, and galloped off to a village near by, where he waited for Livingstone and the others. In a short time Mpepe and his followers came boldly up, and both brothers, in true native fashion, waited for the first "opening." Nothing was said on either side, but Mpepe's retainers kept their

weapons in their hands, and Livingstone took care always to keep between the chief actors in the drama. Mpepe dared not touch the white man, and it looked as if, in the meantime, things had come to a deadlock. Presently, as night fell, the different parties retired to their huts, and Livingstone, worn out by his long ride, was soon fast asleep.

Next morning he heard what had happened during the night. Nokuáne, the King's lieutenant, had made his way into Mpepe's hut with a handful of snuff, and as the prince stretched out his hand for a pinch, Nokuáne seized his wrist, led him outside the hut and speared him. Mpepe's men fled, and the revolt was over.

CHAPTER IX

A BIG EFFORT

"Geographers, mechanicians, sanitary reformers, soldiers and sailors fighting for right against oppression, as well as missionaries—all are fighting in very much the same cause."
(LIVINGSTONE *when he heard of the Charge of the Light Brigade.*)

MPEPE'S father had been one of the late King Sebituane's headmen. He was still alive, and lived in a village not far off. Without telling Livingstone anything of his plan, Sekelétu made up his mind that the old rebel must be dealt with in the same manner as Mpepe. They passed through the village while on their way to the Zambesi, and Livingstone was the unwilling witness of a native king's justice. Before he realised what was afoot, Livingstone saw the King's servants seize Mpepe's father and another rebel, hack them in pieces with their axes, and cast them into the river to be devoured by the crocodiles. It was not the slightest use trying to preach more merciful measures; Livingstone often tried, but Sekelétu only thought it an amiable eccentricity on the part of this great white man.

After the revolt had been subdued they continued their march towards the great river, the long line of armed men twisting and turning

along the narrow African pathway, here an ox-tail head-dress waving above the grasses, there a bunch of black ostrich feathers. Some of the men wore red tunics, the nobles carried small rhinoceros-horn clubs, while each had his servant bearing his shield. Before them marched "machaka," or battle-axe men, all picked runners. The King was followed by his *mopato*, or guard, courtiers of his own age who fed out of the royal dish.

When they arrived at any village the women all turned out with loud "lulliloo" to greet the King, who received their cries of "Great lion! Great Chief! Sleep, my lord!" with becoming indifference. Then followed a feast, with native beer in numbers of large pots and calabashes, and a native dance. Sekelétu himself was especially partial to sweet coffee and biscuits, which Livingstone's porters carried with them. At night the two great chiefs, black and white, had each a little gipsy tent to sleep in, and their attendants prepared for them rush beds sewn together with twine.

Livingstone's gun kept them well supplied with game. There were vast numbers of buffalo, zebras and eland. It was here that he discovered a new species of eland, a good specimen of which may be seen to-day in Edinburgh museum. The "Livingstone" eland is a beautiful creature, and when one of the Makololo nobles saw it, he turned to his

white friend and said thoughtfully: "Jesus ought to have given us these instead of cattle." No doubt it pleased Livingstone to think that after all his preaching *had* given that savage young soldier a new thought about God. It was something that he should look to Him as Father, and expect His gifts to be beautiful.

When Livingstone set out on his great journeys of discovery he had a perfectly clear idea before him. He knew quite well that some people at home misunderstood his explorations and actually spoke of them as "wanderings." Some good people in Scotland thought it was not true missionary work at all, and told him so. They did not, of course, understand that a regular mission planted in such unhealthy districts would be no manner of good; and they did not grasp the splendid scheme that this great pioneer of missions in Africa had always before him. To use a modern expression, he "*saw big*." "I shall open up a path into the interior, or perish," said Livingstone. It is because he opened up that path that missions have been able to do the wonderful work they are doing in Africa to-day. Livingstone's explorations, as any real African authority to-day would tell us, was one of the finest bits of missionary statesmanship in our history.

To return to our story, Livingstone and King Sekelétu made their way up the Zambesi for

some distance, and then the Doctor went off for a journey across Barotseland on his own. The whole district he found was quite unsuitable for a settlement, so he came back again to Linyanti, and held a big conference, or "pitso," with Sekelétu's headmen. What he proposed to them was an expedition westward, up the Liba River, then onward to the River Kwanza, and down that stream to the Portuguese province of Angola. If one looks at a map one sees at once that his plan was to open up a route to the *west* coast of Africa. It was a big undertaking; but the King and his headmen were quite won over by Livingstone's arguments, and Sekelétu gave him a company of twenty-seven picked men to go with him on his travels. The only "croaker" at the "pitso," or conference, had been an old diviner. He did not at all like to see this white man's influence with the King, and he warned the assembly against the proposed journey. "Where is he taking you to? This white man is throwing you away," said he. "Your garments already smell of blood!" But the King only laughed at him. He was determined to help Livingstone open up a trade route to the west, for he knew it would benefit his country. The King of Barotseland to-day has good reason to be glad that his predecessor trusted Livingstone and took his advice.

Some years ago King Lewanika came over

to this country and visited Edinburgh. He belongs to a different dynasty than Sekelétu, but he has inherited his love of the white missionary. When one looked at Lewanika's quiet, capable face, and heard how his whole kingdom has changed and prospered, one realised what missionary work has done already in places once so full of cruelty and terror. Lewanika is a most civilised being. The present writer has this king's autograph in his collection, which Lewanika obligingly wrote for his father with a good deal of care with his fountain pen on a menu-card.

When Livingstone set out with his native escort he was really not fit for such a journey. Fever had reduced him terribly, and strange fits of giddiness sometimes came on him in a way that rather alarmed him. He thought it more than probable this journey might be his last; but, as he says, "the Boers, by taking possession of all my goods, saved me the trouble of making a will." "The prospect of passing away from this fair and beautiful world came before me in a pretty plain, matter-of-fact form; and it did seem a serious thing to leave wife and children. . . . But I had always believed that if we serve God at all it ought to be done in a manly way." He carefully packed his few belongings, left Linyanti in November, 1853, and made for the River Chobe.

The river was full of crusty old bachelor

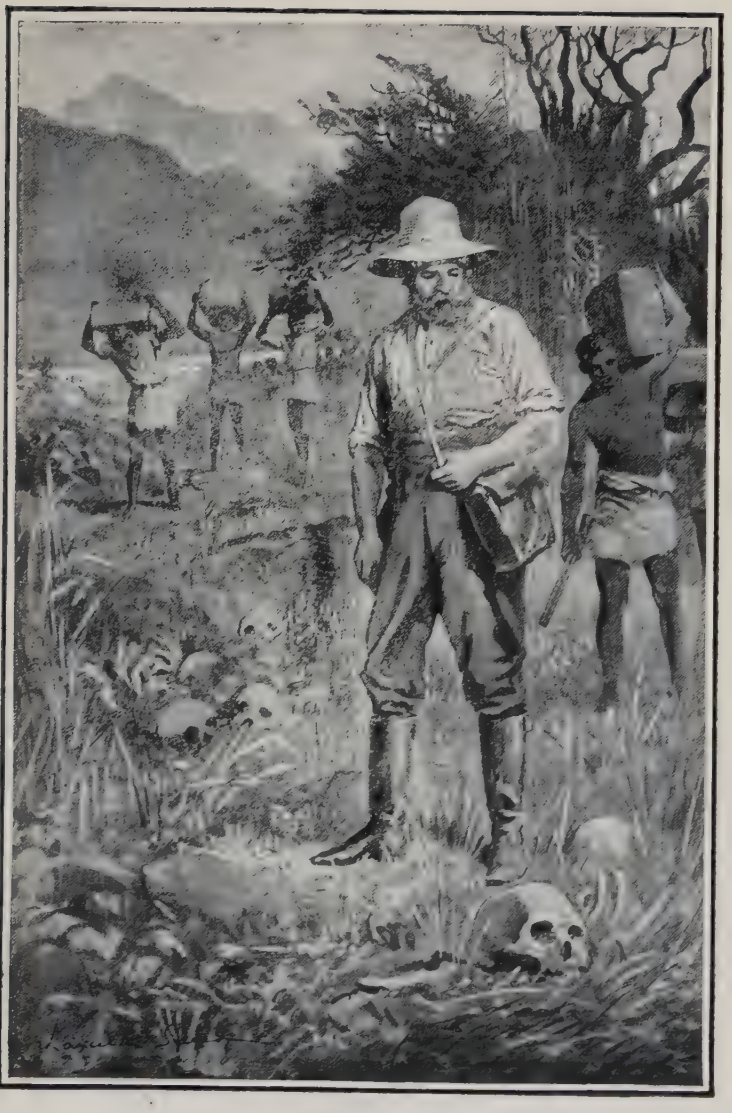
hippos. These solitary male hippopotami are often dangerous, and one of them lost no time in attacking the party. They escaped, however, the fate of another native canoe, which they saw floating in smashed fragments by the river bank. Livingstone was amused at watching a mother hippo carrying her baby on her broad back as she swam. There is a rude carving of a hippopotamus in the cloisters of Magdalen College, Oxford, which is represented by its mediæval sculptor as carrying its young upon its back, and was meant to stand for a college tutor with one of his pupils in his charge. It was thought to be rather a legendary scene, till Livingstone saw it on the River Chobe, and no doubt described it to Oxford undergraduates long afterwards.

As he passed through native villages he found opportunities of playing the tutor himself. His magic-lantern was exceedingly useful to him. When it was dark, and a great circle had been formed about the white man, he would first speak to them as simply as he could about God, and about the future life; and then he would light up his lantern and show them such scenes as Abraham offering up Isaac and other Bible pictures. On one occasion a relative of Sebituane, named Moriantsane, sat and listened with the rest; and when he saw some young fellows working with a skin instead of attending, he got up and hurled his staff at them.

Livingstone said in his *Travels* that these people were very anxious to learn; and were not, he adds, like certain villagers in the south who stuck obstinately to their old ways, and put all their cocks to death, because to their uneasy consciences those aggravating birds kept crowing "Tlang lo rapeleng!" ("Come along to prayers!").

Livingstone's congregation were full of awe at such pictures as *Abraham and Isaac*, and evidently thought the figures in the brilliant light were spirits conjured up by the white doctor. Unfortunately as he pulled out this slide the figure of the patriarch with upraised knife seemed to the natives to be coming at them, and with a cry of "Mother! Mother!" they scattered and fled.

As they sailed along under the high river banks they would pass birds of every shape and hue: the ibis, with her harsh scream of *wa-wa-wa*; the fish-hawk, with its piping note; the African plover armed with its sharp-spur, chasing the white-necked raven with shrill cry. Once, as they passed, a turtle, climbing the bank to lay her eggs, fell over on her back; and this the boatmen hailed as a most lucky omen. There were great numbers of crocodiles in the river, and Livingstone saw one of his men dragged under by a horrible, scaly form. The man managed to stab the reptile and escaped with a dreadful wound. There is



In the Footsteps of the Slave Trader

nothing quite so wicked-looking and repulsive as one of these loathsome creatures. When a native sees one he spits on the ground and, pointing at the satanic face, says: "Boleo ki bo" ("There is sin").

There is a delightful description in one of William Cotton Oswell's letters of how he and Livingstone watched the native dogs outwit the crocodiles in the River Zuga. There were native huts on both banks of the stream, and the dogs of one village would often take it into their heads to cross over and visit their friends across the water. But between them lay quite a big stretch of river, and sundry log-like floating forms, with eager, greedy eyes, waiting to dine off any dog rash enough to dare the passage. The dogs were quite equal to the occasion, and thoroughly enjoyed matching their wits against their enemies'. They would all bunch together on the bank, barking furiously at the crocodiles, and, having worked up their scaly foes to a perfect fury of hunger, off they would race up the bank as hard as they could go. Off, too, would dash the crocodiles in pursuit, and so the race would continue for perhaps a quarter of a mile. Then suddenly the dogs would stop barking, double upon their tracks like lightning, and dash back again to their former meeting-place, keeping themselves well concealed behind the grasses as they ran. As it took the crocodiles some

moments to realise that their hoped-for dinner had departed, the dogs had just time to swim across the river, and would greet their dupes with loud, derisive barking when they returned to the spot once more.

When the party landed for the night, Livingstone's men would set up his little tent, and in front of it place wood for the fire. Each man had his special duty, and in about an hour the encampment was complete, the men sleeping in small huts made of sticks and branches cleverly built in a great horse-shoe round the fire.

Travelling on from day to day, they left the Chobe (or Tshobe) River and went up the Zambesi in canoes. At the last of the Makololo outposts, Libonta, they halted, and the men collected fat and butter as presents for the chiefs of the new country they were about to pass through. Then they entered a wonderful land teeming with game, and finally reached a point on the River Liba where the canoes could go no farther up the rapid stream. Here Livingstone met an interesting personage named Nyamoána.

CHAPTER X

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT

"We great he-donkeys say: 'Exploration is not becoming her sex.' Well . . . she came much further up than the two centurions sent by Nero Cæsar!"

(LIVINGSTONE *to his daughter.*)

NYAMOÁNA was the Queen of that country, and she and her husband Samoána received the white man in due state. They were seated on skins in the midst of a big circle of men well armed with arrows, spears and swords. Samoána wore a kilt of green and red baize, and pointed deferentially to his royal wife, as if to say: "She is the Queen." After a long palaver, the Queen and her consort much admired Livingstone's hair, which was pretty long at this time, and was unlike any hair they had ever seen. "Is that hair?" they said. "It is the mane of a lion and not hair at all!" He did not like to tell them that their woolly curls were "not hair, but the wool of a sheep," so instead he showed the Queen his watch and pocket-compass, and quite won her regard.

Half-a-century afterwards Livingstone's youngest daughter made a pilgrimage to Africa,

and passed through many of the villages her father had known. It is an amusing fact that in one of these villages Mrs Livingstone-Wilson's hair excited the same extraordinary interest that her father's had done. The native women begged her to let it down, and then fled shrieking away, fearing it was " serpents growing on her head."

The Queen Nyamoána told Livingstone that he must certainly go on to her brother King Shinte's country, and warned him against the cataracts on the river.

Presently the Queen's daughter, Manenko, arrived on the scene. She was a great chieftainess also, and was certainly a very remarkable woman. Manenko, like her mother, had a weak and very obedient husband, who stood much in awe of his strapping young wife. She showed what was the Balonda idea of the highest elegance in dress, wearing only a profusion of ornaments and medicines hung about her brown person, and plenty of fat and red ochre smeared upon her skin. She at once took everyone under her wing, and proposed to accompany Livingstone herself on his journey to Shinte's court. Politics were at the bottom of her friendliness, for she wished to be an ally of the Makololo tribes.

Next morning Manenko, her women, her husband, and a state drummer set out with Livingstone and his retinue on their journey.

The Doctor rode an ox, and the Amazon princess strode by his side. It was pouring with rain and Livingstone was concerned to see Manenko with no covering whatever but her beads. But she sturdily explained that it was not "the thing" for a chief like herself to appear effeminate. In a short time they came to the forest-tract of that part of Africa, and the men had to clear the path with axes as the forest became denser towards the north.

There is nothing quite like one of these great African forests—the deep gloom, the giant climbing creepers everywhere, the *drip, drip* of the rain-soaked trees, the narrow path just broad enough to walk on, with impenetrable tangle of undergrowth on either side. Livingstone would have enjoyed his journey if it had not been for his wretched state of health. Sometimes he was so giddy with fever that he could not see his path. The nights were often torture to him. Manenko's constant whims were rather a worry to him, and his men dreaded her tongue. Her favourite reason for everything she did was, "I do it only," which might be translated into schoolgirl English as "*Because.*" No reason was necessary, surely, except that *she* wanted it. Her ladies who travelled with her were also rather a handful.

That district of Africa, up to the present day, has always been a grand place for "Women's Rights." In many of the tribes husbands are

kept very much in order, and a bridegroom has to take his orders from his wife's mother. It is quite a proverb among the Wa-Wemba that there is nothing fiercer than a wife. The writer remembers hearing a story of one husband who fled to a British magistrate in the dead of night, begging to be put in gaol till morning, as the only safe place from his angry wife, who had already bitten him severely !

In time Livingstone and his party came to a very lovely valley, and Manenko called a halt till the sun should be at exactly the right position to make it lucky for them to enter Shinte's town. It was a typical town of West Africa, embowered in banana and other tropical trees, with square-walled houses and round roofs, and scattered plantations of tobacco. A great host of armed negroes rushed upon them at sight, as if they would eat up the strangers. Outside the town was a half-caste Portuguese encampment, and some women slaves in a long chain were hoeing a field. It was the first time Livingstone's natives had seen slaves in chains. " They are not men," they exclaimed, " who treat their children so ! "

At eleven o'clock King Shinte received his guests. He was dressed in a checked jacket and a scarlet kilt of baize edged with green. His helmet of beads was surmounted by a bunch of goose feathers. Much ceremonial

shouting and drumming followed, and then came the "pitso." The King was quite fascinated by Livingstone, and addressed him as "the man come from the gods." He also was much struck by Livingstone's hair. In this part of Africa the Doctor's hair became quite a byword, and its *straightness* was accounted for by the story, more than half believed in, that he came up from the sea, like a merman, to visit them.

Shinte offered Livingstone a slave girl as a gift, and could not at all understand his refusal, but brought him another a head taller. When this one, too, was politely refused, the King gave Livingstone his highest decoration—a round sea-shell at the end of a bead necklace. He sent him away with heartiest wishes on his journey towards the coast. The last he saw of his late manly companion, Princess Manenko, was a vision of that Amazon putting her husband to bed. The usually meek man had found Shinte's beer too much for him.

The country they now passed through was given up to idols. Every tree had its sacred mark, or its hanging offering. On the bark of some of the trees were cut strange-shaped human faces. The people of this district of Londa did their best to propitiate the spirits that haunted these dark woodlands. Shinte's mandate had gone before them, and they had therefore no difficulties about food in that

region. After crossing a flat, marshy country in pouring rain they reached Lake Dilolo, and put up at the kraal of the chief, Katema. The Dilolo folk told Livingstone an old story about their lake which reminded him rather of the story of the Flood in Genesis, and said that the lake's name was really the native word for "despair." Livingstone's journey from the lake onward was certainly despairing enough, for they had to wade through miles of flooded country, and in all the villages of that region he found the note of despair. *Fear* ruled everywhere—fear of the slavers, fear of departed spirits; it seemed to hang over the land like a dark shadow. At nearly every village or ford the natives demanded some payment, and were exceedingly unfriendly and inhospitable. Flooded valleys followed one another in weary succession, and Livingstone had to swim his ox, "Sinbad," over some dangerous fords, at one of which he was as nearly as possible drowned.

In one village of the Chiboque people Livingstone and his men were surrounded by a throng of armed and hostile men. It was only by great coolness and presence of mind that Livingstone kept them at bay. The perpetual anxieties of this sort of travel and the scarcity of food began to make his own men restive, and one day Livingstone had to show them he was not to be trifled with. Seizing a double-barrelled pistol, he ran out of his tent towards

the mutinous ones, looking so savage that he put them to flight. After that his men gave him no further trouble.

Ox-riding was really no joke. "Sinbad" was guided by a single string passed through his nose. The only way to stop him was to hit him in the right place with a wand. Sometimes the wretched animal ran in below a stout climbing creeper, and Livingstone was dragged off and landed on the crown of his head. Whenever that happened "Sinbad" did not lose his opportunity, but kicked out shrewdly behind.

When once the River Kwango was crossed they left the forest country and entered the park-like scenery of Portuguese West Africa. But crossing the river was one of the most awkward experiences Livingstone had to face. It looked as if they would have to cut their way through a host of armed Ba-shinje. To get over the deep river without pontoons seemed impossible, and Livingstone, worn out with fever and fatigue, was almost in despair. In the nick of time a friend appeared in the person of a young Portuguese half-caste sergeant of militia. He had come in search of bee's-wax, and knew the country. At his advice Livingstone moved his men farther down the shore, and they managed to embark in a native ferry-boat. All the way across the Ba-shinje potted at them with their guns; but, being pretty bad

shots, no one was hit, and Livingstone's little party escaped in safety.

Soon they came to a small garrison of Portuguese soldiers, and the sergeant made them thoroughly welcome. They were in a pitiable condition. Nearly all their possessions had been given to the greedy tribes they had encountered, and Livingstone had little but the ragged clothes he stood in. But they were quite safe now, and the kind-hearted Portuguese made them all at home. Livingstone puzzled the Portuguese a good deal. Who *was* he? They could not believe he was a missionary, for he had scientific instruments with him. Was he a British officer, then? Or an agent of Britain to suppress the slave trade? Anyhow, they were most courteous and kind, and saw him on his way to the headquarters of the Commandant at Kasanji. There Livingstone came in for a Roman Catholic festival, and after the fête was over, and he had attended a banquet at the Commandant's house, he had a good night's rest, and was given an escort to Golungo Alto. It was a great change to travel through such beautiful and civilised country once more, and that part of Africa would be hard to beat for beauty. Everywhere the Portuguese treated him with hospitality, and at Loanda he came *at last* to the end of his long journey.

What a journey it had been! If all its exciting experiences were set down they would

fill a good-sized book of adventure. It had taken Livingstone six months of the hardest possible kind of travelling, and he was completely worn out.

It was an anxious moment, too, when he approached the house of the British Commissioner at Loanda. What would this Englishman be like? Would he be a crusty personage? He had not seen a fellow-countryman for nearly a year. When the Doctor entered the porch, and saw a number of beautifully cultivated flowers, he inferred at once "that he was a real, whole-hearted Englishman." Nor was Livingstone wrong, for that night he lay between sheets once more, in a *real* bed, and slept as he had not dared to sleep for six months past.

CHAPTER XI

"BACK TO THE FRONT"

"He who steals a person is a pig."
(MOHAMMED BOGHARIB.)

IN his delightful house, with all its English comforts, Mr Gabriel, the Commissioner, nursed Livingstone back to health once more. Never had he met with such kindness, and the two men struck up a very warm friendship. The Bishop of Angola, the Portuguese Acting-Governor, was also kindness itself, and sent his doctor to look after Livingstone.

When he was able to be up and about once more, he and his Makololo men were given a state reception. Sekelétu's naked tribesmen, who had come all that vast journey with their white leader, now looked very different beings indeed. They were arrayed in new striped cotton robes and red caps, and they walked through Loanda literally with their mouths open at all the wonders they beheld. It was the first time any one of them had ever seen a house; and when they saw two-storeyed houses in this city of wonders they were lost in astonishment. How on earth, they asked, did the people manage to live in the upper storey?

Didn't the conical roof poles of the "bottom hut" stick up through the floor?

But further wonders were in store for them when they were taken to see the big stone churches. They were not houses, they said; they were mountains with caves in them. And then they saw *the sea* for the first time in their lives, and were filled with terror and awe. It so happened that two British men-o'-war had just arrived at this Portuguese harbour. Livingstone had sometimes tried to tell his black boys what a ship was like, but had no word in their language but "canoe" to express it. When they saw the *Pluto* and the *Philomel* they were utterly terrified, and at first refused all the cajolements of the jolly British tars to come on board and see a ship for themselves. At last Livingstone persuaded them, and the party went on board one of the war-ships. To see all the British tars drawn up was to them to behold a new race of beings. "Truly," they said to Livingstone, "they are just like you." They were not quite sure they were not perhaps sea-spirits. But when the sailors good-humouredly shared their beef and bread with them, they quickly plucked up heart again, and actually accepted the commander's invitation to fire off one of the big guns. Its roar and smoke greatly impressed them. "That is what they put down the slave trade with," said they. As for the man-o'-war itself, they

ran excitedly all over it and examined everything. "It is not a canoe at all: it is a town! And *what* sort of a town is it that you must climb up into with a rope?"

While Livingstone was at Loanda, and was passing through another bout of fever, his men made themselves useful by helping the sailors to coal the ships, or, as they described it themselves, loading "stones that burn." The Doctor took a great liking to all the Portuguese in this colony; he always found them courteous and kind, as indeed all unprejudiced travellers to-day describe them. The great temptation to engage in the paying slave trade proved too much for many of them. But Livingstone gave their Government credit for good intentions.

The officers on board the British war-ships all made friends with Livingstone; in fact, he was a great hero amongst them. It was astonishing to think what this frail, emaciated man with the strong, resolute face had carried out alone in darkest Africa. With next to no equipment, and in wretched health, by sheer force of character he had beaten all other records, and had opened up a way from the coast into the centre of the continent. They themselves were there to regulate the slave trade, and Livingstone's enthusiasm on that subject was very contagious. He knew more about it than any other man. Their com-

mander gave Livingstone a cordial invitation to come back with them to England.

What it must have meant to him to refuse that offer one can only guess. To see his wife and children once more; to join that jolly officers' mess on board the *Philomel*, and leave the fever-haunted swamps behind him; to go *home* and see Scotland again! It must have been a tremendous temptation. And the only thing that prevented it was what ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have thought a very small scruple. It was *his men*, his Makololo. How could he possibly leave them there, big, helpless, grown-up children that they were, with half-a-continent between them and their homes? He felt in honour bound to take them back again to Sekelétu. To leave them in that coast town alone might easily mean their "going under" altogether, or falling into slavery.

So Livingstone said good-bye to his English and Portuguese friends and turned his face once more towards the wilderness. They gave him a splendid send-off; the Bishop-Governor lent him an escort of twenty carriers; the naval officers presented him with a new tent. His men were loaded with presents for their friends at home, and the Governor sent King Sekelétu a special gift. We shall see what it was later on. The Portuguese were delighted at the prospect of this wonderful new opening for trade that

Livingstone had discovered and made possible by his friendship with Sekelétu and Shinte. And Livingstone believed that all this would gradually break down the horrible slave trade, which every month he spent in Africa more and more stirred his disgust and pity.

He knew well he was in for a big effort; but he didn't realise it would be twenty months before he reached the end of this journey.

All went well till they reached the country of the unfriendly Ba-shinje, and there nearly every village meant some kind of a row with greedy bandits. In one bit of forest land, for instance, they were trudging along, Livingstone on his ox, "Sinbad," and feeling very low with fever, when suddenly a body of men came charging down upon them. Livingstone had a six-barrelled revolver in his hand (a present from one of his naval friends of H.M.S. *Linnet*), and in a trice he pulled himself together and made for the chief bandit. The sight of the revolver pointed straight at his stomach, and Livingstone's furious face, yellow and emaciated with fever, behind it, was too much for the ruffian, and he instantly "climbed down." That kind of scene was repeated pretty often all along the route through this country till they came to the really big forest districts. There he found a tribe of an olive tint of skin and rather almond-shaped eyes, and they were quite friendly. One of Livingstone's few

BANDITS

The sight of the revolver pointed straight at his stomach, and Livingstone's furious face were too much for the ruffians.

sketches is of a woman of this tribe. She is wearing a head-dress which looks remarkably like a saint's halo, being formed of a hoop circling her black curls, from which rays of twisted hair proceed in every direction. Some of the dandies of that tribe wore their hair in the shape of buffalo horns; others had scars arranged in patterns all over their bodies. They were certainly martyrs to fashion.

From time to time they passed convoys of slaves in chains, and his Makololo men were horrified at what they saw. "Ga ba na pelu!" ("They have no hearts!") they said when the cruel-looking slave-drivers stalked past them.

In the grass country of the Loembwe River the people were terrified at the sight of a white man. It made Livingstone feel quite queer to be treated as a sort of bogey-man by the native women and children. To the little brown children the sudden apparition of a *white* man seemed a most terrifying portent. Even the dogs fled at his approach with tail between their legs. The babies set up a scream as if they saw a hobgoblin.

At last they reached King Shinte's village, and that jovial old person gave Livingstone a warm welcome. The Queen Nyamoána was now a widow, her obsequious husband having died since Livingstone's last visit. The capable princess Manenko was absent on some manly business, so Livingstone had to leave without

seeing her. He planted a number of seeds in Shinte's fields before leaving, and some fruits and vegetables that he had brought from the coast. No doubt these became the parents of many of the fruits which now flourish in that district.

Here the Doctor found himself by accident a "blood relation" of a young woman of Shinte's people. He was removing a tumour for her in her forearm when a drop or two of blood spirted into Livingstone's eye. "You were a friend before, white man," she said, "but now you are a blood relation. When you pass this way, send me word, that I may cook food for you." Long afterwards a rather similar experience befell the well-known African statesman, Sir Theophilus Shepstone.

The most dangerous animal in Africa is the buffalo; more dangerous than a lion or even a rhino. His cunning is abnormal. If he thinks he is pursued, he will gallop off down the narrow native path, and then silently double back through the long grass at the side of the pathway, and lie waiting in deadly silence till his enemy passes along the track. Then like a black thunderbolt he is upon the hunter. Unless a bullet strikes him in exactly the right place nothing will stop his charge. That unpleasant experience happened to Livingstone near the Leeba River. Before he knew where he was a furious buffalo bore down

on him from its lair in the tall grasses. Not a tree was in sight, and Livingstone had to keep his nerve and risk a shot at about three yards' distance. It was a wonderful shot, for it got the buffalo *crack* on the shoulder. Livingstone fell flat on his face in the grass, and the beast just missed him, and fell stone dead a few yards farther on.

In the picture books one generally sees very exciting drawings of buffaloes charging *head down* upon the hunter. These are, however, quite imaginary portraits; for the African buffalo never charges with his head lowered. If he did so he would not be nearly so dangerous as he is, for he would not be able to see his foe. On the contrary, he holds his nose straight out and keeps his fierce eye upon the hunter; while his horns, each of which measure perhaps three feet in length, lie well back upon his shoulders until just before striking down the enemy. It takes a cool head and a steady nerve to face a charging buffalo.

One evening Livingstone shot a buffalo, and camp was made not far from the spot. Attracted by the smell of the meat, a hungry lion came up quite close to the fires, and Livingstone was much amused to hear one of his natives tell the intruder what he thought of him. Many African tribes believe that the spirits of departed chiefs prowl about in the form of lions. On this occasion Livingstone's servant gave the chief

in disguise an example of native sarcasm. "*You* a chief, eh? You call yourself a chief, do you? What kind of a chief are you to come sneaking about in the dark, trying to steal our buffalo meat? A pretty chief! You are like a scavenger beetle, and think of yourself only. You have not the heart of a chief. Why don't you kill your own beef? You have a stone in your chest, and no heart at all!"

Unfortunately their native followers did not confine their night conversations to occasional lions and other wandering chiefs, but were apt to address one another on every manner of topic far into the night. One of them would suddenly break into song; another would rehearse his doughty deeds; two others would start upon politics, and the misgovernment of every chief in Central Africa appeared to be under discussion. In a modern *safari* no talking after dark is ever permitted for a moment by the *bwana*. And probably there were limits even to Livingstone's patience. On that point his diary keeps a discreet silence.

Nearly nine months after Livingstone had left the coast he entered Libonta, and was received by his native friends there with great rejoicings. They heaped presents upon him, and when Livingstone apologised for not being able to give them much in return, "Never mind," said they, "you have opened a path for us, and we shall have sleep." At Libonta he

planted seeds and palms as he had done in other places. Almost anything would grow in that wonderful soil; and Livingstone, in his home dispatch, told people that this new land he had discovered might easily one day be one of the richest granaries in the world. He really did believe he had "opened a path" for all kinds of blessings to come along.

CHAPTER XII

THE GREATEST FALLS IN THE WORLD

"I hope you will help to keep God's highway, the River Zambesi, as a free pathway for all nations."

(LORD CLARENDON *to* KING SEKELÉTU.)

THE gift Livingstone had brought King Sekelétu from the Governor of Angola was nothing more nor less than a full-dress uniform of a Portuguese colonel! Very magnificent, though distinctly quaint, Sekelétu must have looked in it. It attracted more attention than Livingstone's sermon. But the Linyanti people gave him a most tremendous welcome.

What was Livingstone's next move to be? He determined to strike straight across East Africa to the mouth of the Zambesi. He was certain if he followed that great river he would find a way that some day would be travelled by missionaries and traders, and would mean very much to Africa.

The King made up his mind to come with him, and it was a pretty big expedition that set out from Linyanti on 3rd November 1855. They followed the river for some time, and then Livingstone and his men got into a native canoe

and paddled for some miles down-stream till they reached one of the most beautiful spots on the Zambesi. At that time of year the trees were covered with blossom, and the little green islands on the broad river were gems of colour. Huge baobab-trees and groups of graceful palms grew on the nearer bank. Everywhere were bright-plumaged birds, and the woods swarmed with wild life. It was the first time any white man had been there. Six miles away rose into the sky several tall, misty columns, white below, grey above, and a sort of murmur rose mysteriously from that direction. The natives called it "Mosioatunya," which means "*vapour sounds.*"

As the canoe brought them nearer and nearer, the sound of the water rose into a mighty roar that seemed to shake the world. The river was more than a mile and a quarter across at this point, and many little wooded islands appeared. From one of them Livingstone saw in another moment one of the greatest wonders of the world—the Victoria Falls.

Imagine if you can a mighty river, broader than the Thames at Gravesend, suddenly, without any rapids whatever, falling straight into a vast crack in the earth, four hundred feet deep, and then forced to change its direction, and rushing madly from right to left, from left to right, boiling and roaring in an immense zigzag channel through great basaltic precipices

for thirty miles. Imagine five thick clouds of vapour rising from the seething waters, mounting three hundred feet into the air, and falling in rain upon miles of tree-clad rocks and tropical forest. Livingstone, the first white man to gaze upon this wonder, named the falls after the great white Queen.

He found a little green spot, watered by the spray, and planted there, before he left the falls, about a hundred peach and apricot stones, and a quantity of coffee seeds. He hoped this would one day be the parent of many such gardens in the Africa that was to be.

King Sekelétu said good-bye to Livingstone at the falls and lent him 114 men as a guard through the dangerous Batoka country. These people, however, proved quite friendly, and Livingstone found their courtesies sometimes a little overpowering. The Batoka way of saying "How d'you do?" is to throw themselves on their backs, roll from side to side, slap their thighs, and say "Kina bomba!" over and over again. Livingstone could never reconcile himself to this proceeding, and used to call out: "Stop! Stop! I don't want that!" But the more he protested the more they slapped and rolled. In one of his diaries Livingstone had an entry about a finer side of native character. At Kuruman it was held to be *tlolo* (worse than bad form) for a man to show his feelings. A mighty hunter named

Baba, a Christian, when he was horribly mangled by a rhino never showed a sign of suffering, but quietly prayed as long as he was conscious.

Livingstone always declared that even in the most dangerous parts of wild Africa "a man of good sense" could live amongst the people in safety. He also added the proviso that the white man amongst Africans *must* be a "good" man, in the practical sense of the word. The natives are extraordinarily quick judges of character. It is only a man who can rule *himself* that can rule savages. He certainly proved that true in his own case amongst peoples who had a very evil name for cruelty and violence. A sense of humour, too, carries the leader of an African expedition very far. Like Hannington, Livingstone's humour helped him to turn many an awkward corner.

Livingstone often said that his love of natural history saved him from half the worries of travel. When everything seemed wrong he could "lift up his eyes to the hills" and find peace of mind there; and to him that meant not only faith in God, but a deep love of nature, a constant resource in noting and "collecting" the plants and stones and little natural objects on the march. This was a most wonderfully interesting march for Livingstone, following the course of the Zambesi. It is one of the finest game countries in Africa, and at this time

of the year the birds are in full song, and the trees and vegetation at their best.

It has often been said that African birds are "songless"; but that is not at all true, if it is made to mean that they have not a wonderful music of their own. African birds certainly do not sing as our thrushes and blackbirds do; but some of them have a richness and "timbre" all their own. The bell-bird's deep notes toll like cathedral bells; the chime-bird has a beautiful double note which rings out clear and true through the forest; the bottle-bird's gurgling rush of liquid notes is like sparkling wine flowing from a silver cup. The plumage, too, of the African birds is astonishing. There are sun-birds of half-a-hundred varieties; brilliant blue starlings; parrots and hornbills of every imaginable hue. Up in the branches the nests take every form, from the pear-shaped plaited nest of the weaver-birds to the tree-top homes of the marabout storks. In all this forest life Livingstone delighted.

His gun supplied their daily larder, and they not infrequently dined off elephant steaks. Once or twice he saw his men hunt elephants in their own fashion, and, as a good sportsman, was not impressed by it. The great beast would be sighted perhaps in a mud hollow, smearing himself all over with the cooling mud and flapping his great ears in enjoyment. Then the natives would blow into a tube

and shout out a song to attract the beast's attention:

> "O Chief, chief, we have come to kill you!
> Chief, chief, besides you many more will die!
> The gods have said it."

As they shouted, they rushed upon the elephant and threw a cloud of spears at him. Round would turn the maddened beast and charge in a fury. One man with a red cloak would stay just long enough to bait him; the rest would vanish in the tall grass. Again and again this would be repeated, till the elephant was like a huge pin-cushion, stuck full of quivering spears; and at last the end came, and he sank on his knees and was finished off in triumph. When, as sometimes happened, it was a mother elephant with young, Livingstone never saw this form of hunting without "a feeling of sickness." It was a dangerous game; but he didn't think it was sportsmanlike.

What struck him tremendously about this whole region of Africa was the richness of the soil and the opportunities it offered to the real trader. If it could be opened up for proper trade, he was convinced it would soon kill the slave business.

After passing the Loangwa they had rather an exciting scene with two buffaloes. It was a very dense bit of bush, and suddenly the buffaloes charged their line. Livingstone's little

riding ox (not " Sinbad," for he had died from the bites of the tsetse fly) galloped off in terror, and as the Doctor glanced back he saw one of his men doing a mighty somersault in the air five feet above the back of an enraged buffalo. Fortunately he was not fatally wounded, and Livingstone managed to bring him round again.

Livingstone was always most particular in observing the native game laws. In an African chief's kingdom these laws are quite as stringent as they are at home. Livingstone's courteous attention to this made a great deal of difference to the safety of his expedition. African travellers have not by any means always bothered about these native courtesies, or a good many unpleasant scenes and some bloodshed might have been avoided.

Marching at the rate of about ten miles a day, they gradually reached Portuguese territory, and one can imagine how eagerly Livingstone looked forward to seeing a newspaper. It had made it all the harder to leave the west coast because Britain had entered on the Crimean War. All his long journey he had " wearied " for news of the campaign, and at last near Tete he met a company of Portuguese soldiers who brought him to the Commandant's house and told him that Sebastopol had fallen and Britain was victorious. The journey had been, as one of the officers remarked,

"enough to tear a man's life out of him," but a real bed at Signor Sicard's hospitable house seemed to more than make up for it all.

Major Sicard had been expecting Livingstone, for native reports of the white traveller had arrived before him at Tete. The natives, who had seen the Doctor find his position with his sextant, told the major that "the son of a god was coming, and was able to take down the sun from the heavens and place it under his arm." The Portuguese gave him a most kind welcome, and when he was strong enough to start once more put him on his way to the coast.

Livingstone sailed down the broad Zambesi as far as Mazaro, and then found another river, the Kwa-kwa, down which he made his way to Quilimane. It was just four years since he had said good-bye to his wife at Cape Town, and three whole years since he had had a letter from home. One can picture his joy at getting news at Quilimane that all was well in England. As a matter of fact, his family had been terribly anxious about him, and Commander Maclure and some other naval officers had promised to do their best to get news of him. Livingstone heard at Quilimane that their ship, H.M.S. *Dart*, had been lost on the dangerous bar of the river. Six weeks later H.M.S. *Frolic* arrived and the captain had a packet for Livingstone. It contained £150 from the London

Missionary Societies' agent at Cape Town to pay his passage home, and he was offered a berth on the *Frolic* as far as Mauritius. So at last the traveller found himself homeward bound.

CHAPTER XIII

"HOMEWARD BOUND"

"The honours awaiting you at home would be enough to make a score of heads dizzy; but I have no fear of their affecting your upper storey." (DR MOFFAT *to* LIVINGSTONE)

ON board the *Frolic* Livingstone felt himself at home in everything except —his mother tongue! He had been speaking native languages for over sixteen years, and for the last three years had hardly spoken a word of English. He could not help laughing at his own predicament amongst the British officers, actually fumbling for words in his own native language. One of his faithful followers, Sekwebu, came with him on the ship. Livingstone had at first refused to take him, and said: "Sekwebu, if you come to a cold country like mine you will die." "That is nothing," said Sekwebu staunchly; "let me die at your feet." The poor fellow did die, and that long before he ever sighted the shores of England. The terrors of the sea and the unusual life unhinged his mind, and one day he threw himself overboard.

After a short stay at Mauritius Livingstone sailed up the Red Sea on the *Canadia*, had

Livingstone's achievements. It seemed astonishing that he should have not only "discovered" these new regions, but should also have been able to set it all down so exactly on the map. The Astronomer Royal said that no other traveller in history had ever done what Livingstone did. "You could go to any point across the entire continent along Livingstone's track," said he, "and feel certain of your position."

Livingstone himself hated all the fuss made over him, though he was grateful for the kindness people showed him. In society the great African traveller was often a very shy and reserved man. When he could be prevailed upon to speak or lecture, he put on a rather forbidding aspect, and made little of his exploits and adventures. There was something, however, in his strong, rough-hewn features that caught the imagination of his audience, and they lionised him the more. It was especially trying for him to be recognised in the London streets, as he always was when he ventured out of doors. One day in Regent Street, when people began to crowd about the familiar figure, poor Livingstone made wildly for a cab and escaped his admirers.

Even in church he sought the darkest corner, but was sooner or later recognised. In one church the preacher saw the Doctor under the gallery, and to Livingstone's horror made reference to the great explorer. Some men

would have enjoyed it all immensely; others would have put on a "bearish" manner to avoid being lionised. But Livingstone somehow remained entirely unspoilt; his sense of humour and a most genuine humility saved him from ever pretending to be anything but his own simple-minded self.

It is in his writings that we can best "see" the real Livingstone. No wonder his first book was such an immense success. He always said himself that he couldn't write a bit; and one is grateful that he couldn't, if "writing" meant literary flourishes. As a matter of fact, his delightful books are so simple and natural, and one can feel the charm of the man who wrote them so vividly in every line of them, that one can only say: "If this is not 'writing,' *what is*?"

In the case of one of his books, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries*, he persuaded his friend Oswell to correct the proofs, and some of his letters to his friend on this subject are very amusing. He was afraid of falling into the rather Scottish habit of using a long word where a short one would do as well. In one letter to Oswell he wrote: "I don't like the *long-nebbed* words. . . . You had *to investigate*, a capital word. Professor Owen had *to note*, a capitaller! Anything that the natives of this country (England) won't understand—the stoopids—you will do me an immense good by throwing light on."

In some other cases, however, Oswell suggested that perhaps a slightly more conventional phrase than Livingstone's would be an improvement; and a pathetic note from our author arrived: "I can alter 'striped pigs' and say another thing quite as true—namely, 'reverting to original wild pig of India!' What *is* its proper name—*Borus Indicus*, or *Pigus abominationibus*?"

In another letter he confesses that in one description he had become tied up hopelessly. "I tried with might and main to make the sentence plainer about planting a stake in the ground—and could not! It made me quite nervous. At last I dashed in, 'Let anyone try to stick a pole in the ground by successive jerks, and he will find how difficult it is to poke it into one spot'!! It bamboozles me fairly!"

Livingstone was careful to call his first book *Missionary Travels*. That was the way in which he always looked upon all his African explorations. People in those days did not always quite see that. Livingstone puzzled certain good people very much. Their idea of a missionary was taken from imaginary pictures of a man in a long clerical coat preaching to natives under palm-trees, or, as Livingstone put it, "a dumpy kind of man with a Bible under his arm!" They did not think this bluff, capable explorer looked at all like a missionary. Neither did he talk like one.

For instance, Livingstone had said when he was at Carlisle: "I feel that I am serving Christ when shooting a buffalo for my men, or taking an astronomical observation." They did not see that all his work and travels had but one aim in them—to make a highway through Africa. Lord Clarendon just hit the nail on the head when he called it "God's Highway." One only has to look at a missionary map of Africa to-day to realise what a true description that is, and what Livingstone's pioneering has meant to Africa.

When Livingstone was at home he always refused to lecture for money. He could have made quite a fortune if he had chosen to accept all the offers that were made to him. For one lecture — at the Athenæum — he did accept thirty guineas; but he gave it to his old friends the cotton-spinners to start a men's club and coffee-house. Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and two of the Scottish universities all gave him honorary degrees, and he was made a Fellow of a number of learned societies. He enjoyed his visits to Oxford and Cambridge, and the undergraduates gave him a most tremendous ovation. His last words to them were: "I go back to Africa to try and make an open path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work which I have begun. *I leave it to you.*" We shall see what that led to a little later.

The Prime Minister held a special reception in Livingstone's honour, and Prince Albert promised to get him the King of Portugal's help when he returned to Africa. Before he left England Queen Victoria gave him a private interview at Buckingham Palace, and was greatly struck by Livingstone's personality. He went to the Palace in a black coat and blue trousers, and the peaked cap which one always associates with Livingstone. He made the Queen laugh heartily when he told her how the natives used to ask him whether he had seen his great white chieftainess, and if she were wealthy. When he replied that she was very wealthy, they asked how many cows she had.

The Queen's Government made Livingstone British Consul for the Zambesi country, and asked him to head an expedition to that part of Africa. So the great traveller made preparations for leaving England on a very different scale to those he had made seventeen years before, when he sailed for Cape Town, an utterly unknown missionary. He was to take with him a paddle steamer for the River Zambesi, and the expedition party was to include a naval commander, a doctor, a mining geologist, an artist, a ship engineer and a secretary. The doctor was John Kirk, who afterwards became so famous; and the secretary was his brother, Charles Livingstone, his old playmate in the far-away Blantyre days.

Before leaving he was given a banquet in London at which there were about three hundred and fifty well-known men to bid him good luck on his expedition. Among them were the Duke of Argyll and the Iron Duke himself, and his friend, Sir Roderick Impey Murchison. Sir Roderick in his speech said that "after receiving all the honour which the universities and cities of our country could shower upon him, he is still the same honest, true-hearted David Livingstone as when he issued from the wilds of Africa."

None of these great banquets touched Livingstone so much as the welcome given him by his own little native place at Blantyre. All the workpeople turned out to cheer him, and he told them about many of his adventures of which grand London audiences had not heard anything. It would have been a proud day for his old father; but Neil Livingstone had died some time before the return of his famous son.

The Livingstone children had to stay behind at school near London, but their mother and father thought that little Oswell might safely be taken to Africa. So one day in March, 1858, the party went on board the *Pearl*, and was joined by the other members of the Livingstone Expedition. The new steamboat for the Zambesi had, of course, to be taken on board in sections. Livingstone called her after his

wife, the *Ma Robert*, and her crew was to be a native one from Sierra Leone.

When Livingstone left England he was quite certain that people at home would not forget his great challenge—to send a mission to Central Africa. He had roused people thoroughly by his terrible revelations of the slave trade, and men like Bishop Wilberforce and Lord Brougham had undertaken "to see the thing through," and never to rest till something was done. Men at the universities had been especially stirred by Livingstone's message, and during the next few years a mission was organised at Oxford and Cambridge to send out men to the Zambesi country. This mission was to be called the Universities' Mission, and its leader was to be a man who had been already working in South Africa, Archdeacon Mackenzie. Charles Frederick Mackenzie was a Scotsman, and a man after Livingstone's own heart. He was overjoyed when he heard that the Church of England was to send out a man of that type; and he shrewdly added that he was glad the mission was to have a bishop at its head, for his experiences of missionaries showed him that they needed one.

Everything seemed bright and encouraging as the *Pearl* bore Livingstone and his fellow-adventurers on their way back to Africa.

CHAPTER XIV

UP TWO GREAT RIVERS IN THE *ASTHMATIC*

"We are working hard at what some can see at a glance the importance of; while to others we appear following after the glory of discovering lakes, mountains, jenny-nettles and puddock-stools." (LIVINGSTONE *to his mother in 1859.*)

TWO months later and Livingstone and his expedition were at one of the many mouths of the great Zambesi. Only two of his party were missing, and they were his wife and little Oswell. Mrs Livingstone had insisted on coming to Africa with her husband, although she was in very poor health, and she pluckily kept to her purpose until they came to Cape Town. But there even she had to acknowledge that it would be madness to travel farther, and she had to let the expedition go on without her. It was "like tearing the heart out of one," Livingstone said, to leave her, but it had to be done.

The first difficulty was to decide which muddy mouth of the River Zambesi was the best one to enter. No wonder it was a puzzling question, for a ship might easily waste weeks in sailing up a waterway like "the Luawe" and then find it led somewhere else altogether! Livingstone's surveyor unfortunately missed

the best entrance to the Zambesi—the mouth now generally used, called the Nanombe. He decided on the Kongone waterway, and accordingly the bits of the *Ma Robert* were all taken out of the *Pearl* and were put together at the entrance to the river. There was a "secret canal" leading into the Zambesi which Livingstone guessed the Portuguese were not keen about other people discovering. The truth was that the slave ships used this "Tshinde Creek," and their captains had to avoid being seen and held up by British men-o'-war.

When the river became too shallow for the *Pearl*, they all embarked on the little *Ma Robert*. Livingstone in his time had played a good many parts, but this was the very first time he had been the captain of a ship. Most unluckily, the naval commander who had come out with them had left the expedition, so "Captain David Livingstone" took his place. He knew a good deal about navigation, but nothing whatever about the proper technical terms to use in giving his commands; so there were sometimes rather amusing moments. He declared himself that he would far rather drive a London cab through a November fog than navigate the *Ma Robert* up the very "tricky" course of that river; but in spite of mistakes he did the apparently impossible, and brought her one thousand six hundred miles up-stream in safety. The poor little paddle boat was really a

terrible disappointment. She consumed an exorbitant amount of fuel, and panted along so fussily and yet so slowly that they christened her at last the *Asthmatic*. This was all the more exasperating because they were most anxious to get along as quietly and quickly as possible. The Portuguese were at war with a half-caste leader named Matakenya, whose descendants still worry that Government a good deal. Near the mouth of the River Shiré the enemy had built a stockade, and it looked as though the *Ma Robert* might be in for serious trouble. However, after an exciting half-hour under fire in which Livingstone rescued the Portuguese Governor, they "won through," and stopped at Shupanga.

At Shupanga one sees the real Africa, as one stands under a huge baobab-tree by the reedy bank, near the solitary bungalow of the Governor, and sees the evening sun set on the far-away Morumballa Mountains. The River Shiré is like a great lake at one's feet, its water a deep brownish-yellow. Low, sandy banks lie ahead, with sprawling alligators everywhere, and here and there the great head of a hippo. Behind stretches the vast African plain, a waste of sad-coloured, sun-tanned reeds; and over all the monotonous blue dome of the sky, a sort of "veiled blue," with a dull, deadly suggestion of malaria about it.

Livingstone meant to explore that river. He

wanted to find the great lake from which it came. But first of all he must go and see his former Makololo followers at Tete. He only consented to leave those faithful creatures after his former great journey because Major Sicard, his Portuguese host, had promised to look after them at Tete. So with much panting and snorting the little *Ma Robert* churned her way up the Zambesi once more, and Livingstone had a grand welcome from his black boys. Some of them had died of small-pox, and some had been killed in a raid, but the others were all as jolly as could be, and crowded round Baba Daud. "The Tete people often taunted us," said they, "and told us, 'Your Englishman will never return.' But we trusted you and now we shall sleep."

After two useless attempts to get the *Ma Robert* farther up the Zambesi, Livingstone acknowledged that the Kebrabasa rapids were too much for him, and turned back again to the mouth of the Shiré River. He was quite disgusted with his noisy little leaking paddle boat, and he wrote home begging the Government to send him another vessel. Knowing the ways of governments, however, he wrote at the same time to his friend, "Sir Paraffin" Young, asking him to buy him, if necessary, a new ship, and the profits of his book would no doubt pay for it. As a matter of fact, that ship, the *Lady Nyassa*, cost Livingstone about

£6000, which must have been most of his fortune.

Sailing up the Shiré River was at first much better fun than the Zambesi. It is a beautiful river, and the wild African life one passes on its banks is of never-ending interest. It is not so very often, even in the wildest parts of Africa, that the traveller sees elephants. When Stanley, for instance, crossed Africa to search for Livingstone, it was ten months before he saw a single tusk. But on the banks of the Shiré in former days the boat or canoe would quite frequently come upon the great beasts, flapping their huge ears down by the water-side. Livingstone knew that those elephants, or their tusks, rather, were at the bottom of half poor Africa's troubles. Ivory is tremendously valuable. An elephant's two tusks may be worth from £80 to £100. The Arab traders would give anything for ivory, and the price they generally did pay was—*slaves*! Besides, of course, the ivory had to be carried to the coast, so again the Arab had to steal slaves to do it.

The Shiré valley, when Livingstone saw it, was inhabited by a war-like race, the Mananja, and when the *Ma Robert* arrived at some rapids (which Livingstone named after Sir Roderick Murchison) they saw crowds of these people on the banks, with bows and poisoned arrows. They evidently took Livingstone and his party for slave traders, and were prepared to fight

for their lives. The river was full of rather thick weed, which made it difficult going, but they managed to forge through it for about two hundred miles, and then Livingstone reluctantly gave the order to return.

Livingstone and Doctor Kirk were determined to find "the great lake," as the natives called it; and, next time, they left the *Ma Robert* and set out in what they thought might be the right direction by land. Lake Shirwa, when they did find it, was rather a disappointment. It was a big, reedy stretch of water, full of crocodiles and hippos. The water, Livingstone said, tasted like a weak solution of Epsom salts. The country was beautiful enough, but this route led nowhere; it was not part of that great waterway for which Livingstone was searching.

"Three times for luck," runs the proverb, and the third attempt they made ended in the discovery of Lake Nyassa. Livingstone and his brother, with Kirk and Rae, the engineer, crossed the beautiful Shiré highlands, came once more upon the upper river, and it led them to the great lake. They were the first white men that had ever stood by that inland sea, and when Livingstone saw it, it must have seemed one of the loneliest and vastest lakes in all the world. Standing on its beach, with the wind blowing strong across the waters from the great eastern mountains, it must have been difficult to realise it was a fresh-water lake in

the heart of the African continent. Livingstone guessed its length to be at least a hundred and fifty miles, but we know nowadays that it is quite two hundred miles longer still, and sixty miles across. Such wild "seas" spring up on the lake that Livingstone called it "the Lake of Storms," and sometimes a steamer even in the last few years has taken as long to reach the head of the lake as it takes a modern vessel to get from England to America.

The tribes who lived along the west side of the lake were some of the most delightful people Livingstone came across in his travels. They lived in little well-kept villages among banana groves; the men a fine, manly set of fellows, noted hunters; and the women would have been good-looking if they had not worn a sort of table-napkin ring in their upper lips, which pulled the lip out into a dreadful deformity. Above all, they were a very clean people; they knew the value of lake water. The country, Livingstone saw, was an ideally rich one, and the climate quite healthy; and he sent home glowing prophecies of what this lake district might one day become under British control, and with energetic mission stations. Only a few years were to pass before those lake villages were burnt by the Arab slave hunter, the lovely groves cut down, and whole tribes wiped out of existence, or taken into slavery.

Then a year after Livingstone's death the

new era began which has changed the whole country. People at home were roused, colonists and missionaries set out for the great lake, and one has only to look at two maps—one drawn in 1869 and the other in 1916—to realise what Livingstone's spirit has brought about in British Central Africa.

Livingstone's faithful Makololo settled along the banks of the Shiré River, and in course of time some of them became chiefs and reigned over a very much more peaceable folk than those Bishop Mackenzie and the Doctor had had to encounter. The country had been almost emptied of its old inhabitants, and refugees from the Yao raiders came pouring in and became subjects of these new chieftains. Before parting with them Livingstone had made his men swear on the Bible that they would "keep the road open for the British," and that they would never sell into slavery any man, woman or child. This oath they kept most faithfully, and when in 1876 the first Scottish missionaries came to the Shiré they gave them a warm welcome. "Our fathers have come back!" was the message carried from village to village. The first little Christian church was built of wattle and daub, like those made by the early missionaries to our own heathen ancestors. Now the whole of that vast district is dotted with mission stations, and the country has a wonderful future before it.

CHAPTER XV

THE CURSE

"You need not tell me that Ham was the father of Africa; I knew it long ago."

"Why so, Lewanika?"

"Ah, my father—*the Curse*!"

(KING LEWANIKA *to* FRANÇOIS COILLARD.)

AND what about King Sekelétu all this time? Livingstone heard rumours about his old friend which made him anxious to go and see him. It had been a very busy year, and he and Dr Kirk had been thoroughly exploring the Zambesi, from its great falls to its muddy mouths and back again. At last they paid a visit to the King's kraal near Sesheke. It was rather a lamentable visit, for things had gone very far wrong with poor Sekelétu. The King had suddenly been attacked by leprosy, and in his horror had gone nearly mad. He declared some wizard had "overlooked" him, and after a dreadful "smelling out" he had slain a number of his own people. His kingdom was falling to pieces, and Sekelétu himself lay sullen and stricken in an ox wagon within the royal enclosure. When Livingstone and Kirk entered this dismal lair, the King was alone with a witch doctress, and broke into mad

ORDEAL BY POISON

A luckless person has perhaps incurred the enmity or jealousy of a neighbour and is accused of witchcraft, and recourse is had to the Poison Ordeal. If the poison is retained the accused is condemned to death, but if vomited back the accuser pays a heavy indemnity. The witch-doctor for a consideration regulates the effect of the poison.

complaints against his aunt's husband, Moriantsiane, who, he declared, had bewitched and poisoned him.

His two white friends did what they could for him, and treated their professional rival at the bed-side with great politeness, which the wicked old woman returned. In time the King began to improve a little, but both Livingstone and Kirk very nearly caught the horrible disease themselves, a danger which, of course, did not deter them for a moment from doctoring Sekelétu.

Sekelétu's people amused Livingstone very much during this visit. He made special friends with the young men of the royal bodyguard, who were most daring horsemen. Their horse-races were wild scenes, the jockeys riding without bit or bridle, and with arms stretched out above their heads. They were a fine, manly set, these Makololo, and Livingstone took a great liking to them. He was glad, too, to see that they were brought up on porridge, though their way of eating it shocked him as a Scotsman. Their method was to scoop it into their left hands with a spoon, and then to cram the porridge into their mouths. Livingstone was not long in discovering that the disapproval was mutual, for the Makololo women thought it horribly bad manners to eat bread and butter. "Look at them! *Look* at them!" they cried. "They are actually eating *raw* butter!

Ugh! How nasty! Hand it here to be melted, and then you can dip your bread into it decently!" Another Makololo lady, Tselane, was much amused when she saw Livingstone examining the bulb of a thermometer. She quite thought it was the white man's toy, and giggled audibly as she remarked: "Poor thing, playing like a little child!"

Livingstone held religious services regularly while he was there, and tried especially to tell these people about a future life, of which they had no sort of conception.

When they left Sesheke, Livingstone and Kirk had a very narrow escape in Kebrabasa rapids. Their canoe was overturned and they lost nearly everything. At the beginning of the year 1861 they once more reached the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi. It was a joyful day when the new ship, the *Pioneer*, arrived there from England. She had been sent out for Livingstone to explore the tributaries of the Zambesi, and with her came two British cruisers, and the missionary expedition headed by Bishop Mackenzie. Bishop Gray of Cape Town ("a prince of a man" Livingstone called him) had strongly backed up the efforts to start the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, and Livingstone's challenge to Oxford and Cambridge men, "Come out and bear a hand," had resulted in this splendid contingent. Bishop Mackenzie had five Englishmen with him, and

Livingstone received them with open arms. He and Mackenzie were soon fast friends. "The Bishop is A1," said Livingstone enthusiastically, "and in his readiness to put his hand to anything resembles much my good father-in-law, Moffat."

The difficulty at first was to hold the Bishop in, for he was so keen to sail up the Shiré at once that it required all Livingstone's efforts to prove to him that the *Pioneer* was too deep in the keel for the shallow waters farther up the river. Far the best thing to do was to explore another river, the Rovuma, and see if that did not lead them to the heart of Nyassaland.

On this expedition Livingstone was again "skipper," for the naval officers were all down with marsh fever. From first to last their voyages up the Rovuma were a disappointment. On the third attempt Livingstone took the whole mission party up to Tshibisa's (nowadays the headquarters of British gunboats on that river); but the *Pioneer* drew too much water, and made exactly seven miles in three weeks. Most of the time was spent on sandbanks, the Bishop and Livingstone working like navvies to get their ship afloat, or helping the men to cut down trees for fuel. When they did reach their goal, they found the whole country in a ferment, owing to the slave raiders.

It was really not Livingstone's fault that the

Rovuma proved a disappointment. In later years Sir John Kirk showed clearly that it is the natural waterway to Nyassa. Had we only taken his advice in time, the whole country would have come under British control, and a British railway would have run along the banks of the Rovuma into the heart of Africa. But we were too slow about it, and events since 1914 have proved what a mistake we made.

When Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie reached the beautiful country which they hoped so much from, they saw that the slave hunters were going to make their work impossible. Soon there would be no natives left at all if this went on much longer. Great tracts of Africa as large as Britain were being absolutely laid waste by the slavers. As they advanced they saw signs of the slave hunters' cruelty in every direction.

Bishop Mackenzie in one of his letters describes the long procession of native porters, Livingstone's men leading with guns. Livingstone himself "wore his jacket and trousers of blue serge," and his blue-peaked consul's cap, and "tramped along with a steady, heavy tread." He laughed at the Bishop's broad "wideawake," for, unlike Mackenzie, he was "a salamander" and didn't seem to mind the sun a bit. So they gradually followed the narrow native path and got nearer and nearer the mountains.

The Yao people were the terror of that country. They acted on the convenient *Kaiserism* that God had given them all the cattle on the earth. The unfortunate Mananja tribes lived in constant fear of Yao slavers, and the whole dreadful business was soon brought before the Bishop's eyes at the village of Mambame. He had gone down to a stream for a dip, when suddenly he heard strange sounds in the village, and a man arrived hot-foot to tell him that Livingstone had just freed eighty-four slaves. The armed slave-drivers had entered the village with their train of wretched captives, all in chains and stark naked, with the heavy wooden slave-yokes on their necks. The sight had proved too much for Baba Daud. When the Bishop arrived on the scene the poor creatures were already freed, and their cruel yokes were piled upon a fire. The slave hunters had fled. One of the slaves told Mackenzie that on the previous day two slave women had been shot down in the track when they were too weak to go forward, and one of their babies had been dashed to death against the stones.

On the following two mornings Livingstone and Mackenzie met and freed ninety-six slaves, the slavers vowing vengeance on them as they fled. It was difficult to get the heavy yokes off the necks of the unfortunates, as an iron rod had been firmly riveted across the

forked end. But Livingstone sawed the wood through and set them free. As they marched along through this country they saw smoke rising in every direction from burning villages, and heard the wailing cry of the women mingled with the triumphant shouts of the slavers.

Livingstone and Mackenzie were at a white heat of indignation, but they determined if possible not to seem to take a side in a native war. When a long line of Yao warriors appeared round a hill-side with their captives the white men resolved to try what persuasion would do. But one of their own men "gave them away" by shouting derisively, and in a moment the cry of "Nkondo!" ("War!") rose from the Yao slave-drivers. In another second they were all around them, and the little poisoned arrows began to fly thick and fast through the air. On they came in great numbers, dancing hideously and shooting Livingstone's followers. But the Doctor's men had muskets, and the slavers realised that guns against arrows must win. So they suddenly broke and took to flight. It was "a most unpleasant day," said Livingstone; and his friends quite felt that it was a mild way of describing it.

The Bishop by now was "spoiling for a fight"; he and his party were all for carrying on the war and simply driving the Yao slavers out of the country. But Livingstone, though

he yearned to teach the bullies a lesson, and loved the Bishop for his sentiments, knew Africa better than Mackenzie could, and strongly advised him not to take part in a native war. It might succeed for the moment, but it was not the statesmanlike or true way of dealing with the slave trade. As we shall see later on, the Bishop did not take this advice, and very sorely he suffered for it, and his cause also. In the meantime he and the freed slaves settled down in a strong position by the river at Magomero, and there the Bishop reigned like a Highland chief over his faithful clan, and made them all obey and love him.

CHAPTER XVI

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS—AND LOSS

"Isn't it interesting to get blamed for everything!"
(LIVINGSTONE *to* MOORE, 1863.)

AFTER this affair with the slave hunters Livingstone and his expedition set off to explore Lake Nyassa. A tremendous storm was raging on the lake, and he and his brother and Dr Kirk made a short inland voyage of discovery. Livingstone was feeling very anxious about his wife and the little baby that had been born just after he left her at Cape Town. She had returned to England, and no letters seemed to get through to him.

In one of his letters home he told his friend Mr Fitch how terribly cut off he felt from home news, and how often he longed to open *Punch* again—"a sound divine," as Livingstone described him. As a matter of fact, if he had seen Mr Punch at that moment he would have beheld several edifying references to himself, for everyone at home was talking of his wonderful travels.

Another and very annoying loss on that expedition was his wardrobe, for one Sunday some native thieves got into his tent while he

was away and stole most of his garments. Livingstone, in the depths of the wilds, was always an extraordinarily neat and tidy man, and took almost as much care of his clothes as the famous Captain Good in *Allan Quatermain.* So the holes in the knees of his only remaining pair of trousers gave him some humorous annoyance.

The people whom Livingstone came across in these districts were often very good-looking, but the women completely ruined their appearance by the *pelele.* A small hole is made in the upper lip, and is gradually widened till it is large enough to hold an ivory ring. This makes the lip stick out several inches beyond the nose, and gives a most grotesque appearance. When a ring-wearer happens to smile the result is almost alarming. By the action of the muscles of the cheeks the ring and lips are dragged back and thrown over the eyebrows, while a fleeting vision of a nose is seen through the ivory ring. As for the teeth of the smiler, they have been carefully sharpened to resemble a crocodile. It is quite possible that the hideous *pelele* may account for peculiarities in the language of the tribes which affect this fashion. A few years ago it was noticed by a traveller among certain African tribes that their pronunciation of *labials,* or lip-sounding words, was different from that commonly found amongst people not wearing the lip-

ring. When one thinks of it one is certainly not surprised that it should be so.

Livingstone very much admired the Manyema people. The men were tall, strapping fellows, with very little of the negro about them. The women, especially far down the Lualaba River, were often very handsome, with large eyes and quite light-coloured skin. They were as different as could possibly be from the negroes of Zanzibar, "whose faces," Livingstone once said, "resembled the features of London door-knockers, which some atrocious iron-founder thought were like those of lions!" He was never quite satisfied with the illustrations in his own books or other works on Africa, for he said they did not do the natives justice. When Oswell was correcting some of his "proofs" he wrote him a most amusing letter on the subject. "I can't get men to make blacks like their photographs," he wrote. "Take high cheek-bones, low foreheads, big lips, mouth from ear to ear, ears like *achter* wheels, mix *ad sumend*—that is the prescription of all artists except Angus"; and Angus himself did not satisfy Livingstone's ideas of how his handsome Manyema friends should be drawn. Modern illustrations certainly succeed much better, and one does not so often see fine Central African tribesmen caricatured after the fashion of "nigger minstrels."

All along the shores of the great lake they

passed village after village, and the land seemed to Livingstone to be marvellously rich. The slave raiders had not begun their ravages on those unlucky villagers, but they saw an Arab slave dhow on the lake, and knew what it meant. Not very long afterwards there were nearly twenty thousand slaves a year passing from this lake region to the east coast of Africa.

The mosquitoes by the lake-side came not singly but in clouds. "They struck upon the face like fine, drifting snow." The natives actually collected and made them into mosquito cakes. Livingstone tasted one, and it was rather like caviare or salted locusts.

After a time they came to the northern part of the lake, or rather what Livingstone thought was its northern extremity, and there he found the people were being terrorised by Angoni Zulus, who swept down upon the villages and carried off their women and children. Presently the party was met by some young Zulu warriors, who at once put on a bullying air and tried to frighten these white men. Livingstone's quiet sarcasm and perfect coolness as usual won this sort of battle, and it ended in the bumptious ones making off rather rapidly.

Farther up the lake they came upon the slave trade once more in full swing. An Arab dhow, crowded with slaves, ran regularly across the lake and supplied the slave markets at Iboe and Kilwa. The whole business filled

Livingstone with horror. "There truly," he wrote, "Satan has his seat." Every thousand slaves meant at least five thousand dead bodies, for in the raid whole villages were destroyed, and men and women died in thousands, or perished by the way. Besides the horrible cruelty of it all, it was the most wasteful trade imaginable. It was killing the goose that might lay the golden egg; for the country could easily become one of the richest and most prosperous in the world if there were only men and women left to till it. But in that country the only money used was *men and women*, and soon there would be none left alive by the slave hunters.

A few weeks before Christmas, 1861, Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie met once more at Tshibisa's. The Bishop was in high feather, having taught the Yao slavers a lesson. He was one of those quiet and rather shy men who when roused by injustice are as brave as lions; and no one at Cambridge who had known the distinguished "wrangler" and quiet, self-effacing don would have recognised him in this Bishop-chief of the Mananja. Indeed his letters home during this year read like pages out of *King Solomon's Mines*. In one battle with the Yao slavers the Bishop and his men had fought for an hour, and had carried home a number of prisoners. On another occasion he had forded the River Ricania and pursued the slave

hunters to their own quarters, burnt the village and, as he said, "vindicated the British name." Now, he told Livingstone, he must search for a healthier station for his mission, and proposed to explore the country between Magomero and the River Ruo.

Livingstone greatly liked this Bishop, and shared his righteous indignation against the slavers. "*To sit still*," he said, "must be suffering martyrdom for our own folly!" But he knew in his heart that the Bishop's mission *must* fail if it were dragged into native warfare.

It goes without saying that Mackenzie's action was misunderstood at home by many good people, and Livingstone himself got much of the blame. The Great War has made a difference in people's attitude towards the soldier-parson. From the first all looked upon it as a crusade against the doctrine that "Might is Right"; and the clergy enlisted in numbers in Kitchener's Army. In France thousands of priests have fought side by side with their fellow-soldiers, and among them are at least four bishops serving as officers in the army. So when we read of this gallant Bishop in Livingstone's day fighting against the same savage doctrine, although its Yao warriors made no pretence at "culture," we feel he was acting a man's part, and love him for it.

Livingstone promised to do his best later on to meet Mackenzie on the River Ruo, and set

off himself in the *Pioneer* towards the mouth of the Zambesi. He had had splendid news at last. His wife was coming on H.M.S. *Gorgon* to meet him, and in the same ship he expected some more members of the mission, and his own little private ship in sections—the *Lady Nyassa*. The *Pioneer* did everything a ship should not do on that voyage. She stuck on every sandbank and drove Livingstone almost to desperation; but at last they reached Kongone, and not long afterwards the *Gorgon* hove in sight. "Wife aboard," went up the signal from the war-ship, and Mrs Livingstone saw her husband once more, standing with his gold-laced cap on the port paddle-box of the *Pioneer*.

Among the passengers on the *Gorgon* were the Bishop's sister and a man who afterwards became one of the great missionary pioneers in Livingstone's new Africa—Dr Stewart of Lovedale. Soon they were all embarked on the *Pioneer*, and in spite of horrible delay, owing to her provoking little engines going wrong on every possible occasion, Livingstone and his wife found themselves once more in an African house of their own at Shupanga.

Heartily glad was poor Ma Robert to be back again with Baba Daud in the wilds. She hated being at home in England, where she felt like a caged bird after her free African life. Like her husband, she was very unconventional,

and could not understand at all the "cathedral city" point of view. Besides, people were always misunderstanding her; and she knew as well as possible that some of her women acquaintances actually thought that Livingstone stayed so long in the wilds because he was not happy with his wife! No rumour was ever more absurdly untrue, but it rankled. She ought not to have travelled at all that year, for she was in wretched health, but that last horrible bit of gossip goaded her into leaving for Africa. Now at last she was in the Shupanga house with Livingstone, beside the great yellow African river, and was perfectly happy.

There never was a man more regardless of precautions in travelling than Bishop Mackenzie. Full of enthusiasm, he and his fellow-explorer, Mr Burrup, simply never thought of themselves at all on their journey through that dangerous country. They seldom had dry clothes on their backs, and were careless what they ate or where they camped. Their journey on the Shiré was one long chapter of accidents, and, worst of all, they lost their precious quinine when the canoe capsized in a whirlpool of the river. At the place where they had counted upon finding Livingstone they arrived too late, with literally "nothing to keep them going." On Malo island, on the last day of the year, Bishop Mackenzie, worn out with fatigue and fever, passed away in a reed hut outside the native

village, and in a few weeks his fellow-traveller died of fever at Tshibisa's.

Miss Mackenzie and Mr Burrup's wife had been rowed up the river in the captain's gig of H.M.S. *Gorgon*. When they heard the terrible news from a native messenger, "*Bishop wa fra*" ("The Bishop has passed"), the two plucky women set off at once for Malo, and were rowed across to the solitary island where Mackenzie had died. A wilder, more desolate place could not be imagined. Crocodiles lay under the banks in great numbers, and as they went forward the tall reeds drooped and met over their heads. At last they reached a sort of tunnel in the reedy tangle, and a native pointed to a spot at the end of the run-way. "There is the grave," he said in a whisper. Miss Mackenzie placed over it a little wooden cross.

Two years afterwards Livingstone visited the spot and planted a tall cross over the grave of his friend. It was the symbol of that life of self-sacrifice and love that the first pioneer bishop in Africa gave so cheerfully to the work that called him.

Livingstone was broken-hearted at the loss of the Bishop. And it seemed to everyone a terrible set-back to all their cherished schemes. But in the spring the final blow fell upon Livingstone at Shupanga. His wife fell ill, and all her husband's love and nursing could not save her in that wild place. On 27th April

Mary Livingstone died, telling her husband how grateful she was they should have been allowed to spend those few happy months together. The natives, who loved Ma Robert with an extraordinary loyalty, mounted guard over her body till the grave under the great baobab-tree had been digged and made ready. From it the traveller to-day, in a very different Shupanga, can see the blue Morumballa Mountains, over the flat, reedy plain of Livingstone's Africa.

After her death Livingstone set his shoulders doggedly, and faced what he had still to do in Nyassaland. By June all the bits of the *Lady Nyassa* steamer were put together. But in the meantime Livingstone sailed one hundred and sixty miles up the Rovuma River in the old *Pioneer*. Then they came back and took his own new vessel in tow up the Zambesi into the Shiré, and so on to the Murchison Falls. There Livingstone seemed to collapse altogether. The last few weeks had been too much for even his strength, and it was only Dr Kirk's careful nursing that pulled him through that bout of fever and dysentery.

In July the last link in a perfect chain of disasters seemed to be forged for poor David Livingstone. Earl Russell sent him a dispatch ordering the withdrawal of his expedition. The Ministry at home thought the whole affair was too costly, and recalled Consul Livingstone.

He knew he must go, of course; but he gamely determined to have one last try at reaching Lake Nyassa. The run of ill luck continued. He lost his boat and all his provisions; but he reached Kota-Kota on the shores of the great lake. He was burning to go on to Lake Bangweolo, and did get part of the way, but inexorable Fate, in the shape of Lord Russell, forced him to return to the *Pioneer*, and back they sailed to the mouth of the Zambesi.

The *Lady Nyassa* behaved well, but was badly knocked about by one of the worst storms Livingstone remembered. She was towed by H.M.S. *Orestes* to Moçambique, and from there Livingstone sailed her to Zanzibar.

Everything seemed to have failed—except Livingstone's spirit. It was hard to row against wind and tide, but he belonged to a race that does not know when it is beaten, and so wins through at last.

CHAPTER XVII

HOME ONCE MORE

"Seen daisies, primroses, hawthorns and robin red-breasts! It was so pleasant."

(LIVINGSTONE *to* Sir T. MACLEAR, 1856.)

IT was a real relief to be back amongst his fellow-countrymen once more. Livingstone confessed he preferred the first British questions he was asked, "Have you breakfasted? What will you take?" to the typical official inquiries at foreign ports: "Where do you come from? Are you married? If not, why not?" The next problem before him was how to dispose of the *Lady Nyassa*. The Portuguese offered him a tempting sum for her if he would sell his ship—as a slaver. But, as he wrote to his daughter, "I would rather see her go down to the depth of the Indian Ocean than that!"

Here he was at Zanzibar with his own little ship; why not sail her to Bombay, try and sell her there, and then take his passage home to England? It was a mad plan, but Livingstone took it. The very risk enticed him. Two thousand five hundred miles across the Indian Ocean in a tiny river steamer, with a

crew of four Europeans, and seven native Zambesians to work her—engineer and skipper, Dr Livingstone : it was too sporting a venture to refuse ! So he shipped fourteen tons of coal and set out for Bombay at the end of April.

The wonder is he ever got there. On the very first day one of the crew was down with fever. Then they lay becalmed for days on an oily sea, while the sharks swam round the vessel and waited for things to happen. "All ill-natured," Livingstone jotted down in his log-book, "and in this I am sorry to feel compelled to join."

Then at the end of May came a taste of what the breaking of the monsoon would mean for them. A furious gale tore the sails to ribbons, and the *Lady Nyassa* nearly rolled quite over. But at last, after a month and a half, they sighted land. The worst part was to make Bombay in face of the furious squalls blowing off the shore ; but so correctly had he skippered his little ship that he actually was only a few miles out in his reckoning. They reached Bombay in safety, and the vessel was so small that she crept into the harbour unobserved. There Sir Bartle Frere made him very welcome, and introduced him to the Sultan. After being in the wilds of Africa for the past eight years, Livingstone said he never came round a corner in Bombay and met an elephant or a domestic buffalo without instinctively feeling for his

gun. The Sultan offered him an appointment as Consul, but Livingstone very modestly refused.

As he could find no one to buy the *Lady Nyassa*, he made up his mind to leave her at Bombay, and then was just able to scrape together enough money for his passage home.

The homeward vessel touched at Aden and Alexandria; then he travelled to Paris; and on 23rd July 1864 he emerged from Charing Cross Station into the London streets once more.

Livingstone hardly gave himself time to swallow his dinner at the Tavistock Hotel before rushing off to his friend, Sir Roderick Murchison. Sir Roderick was going to Lady Palmerston's reception, and insisted on bringing the explorer with him, just as he was. Lord Palmerston and he had a long conversation on the slave trade, and then Livingstone had to submit to being the hero of the evening. A long series of dinners and At Homes followed, including an interview with Lord Russell himself, whom Livingstone described as "very cold." Then he was invited by the Lord Mayor to dine with her Majesty's ministers. Mr Gladstone gave him an affable interview, but all the Government officials were decidedly cautious in their welcome. The truth was that they were dreadfully afraid that the great traveller might bring about awkward

complications with Portugal if he insisted too strongly on the horrors of the slave trade in Portuguese Africa. From all unofficial Britons Livingstone had an enthusiastic welcome. The Duke of Argyll invited him to Inveraray, and Livingstone publicly planted two trees in the park. Then Captain Greenhill took him for a cruise in his yacht in the West Highlands, and he visited rocky Ulva, the home of his Highland ancestors. "The Highlanders cheered me," said Livingstone, "as a man and a brother."

His mother was living at Hamilton, and when David first came to see her after so many long years she did not recognise her son. His own boys and girls joined them there, and it was a great joy to see them again. His little daughter Anna Mary was the only fair member of the family. She had blue eyes and fair hair, and was a great contrast to Agnes and Tom, who were both very dark and almost foreign in appearance. She was born at Kuruman after her father had left for his second Zambesi expedition, and had come home to Scotland with her mother. So Livingstone had actually never seen his little girl until they met at Hamilton. In his diary he described her as "a nice, sprightly child." It is rather pathetic to read between the lines of his journals how much Livingstone felt he had lost of home life by obeying the call to be a wanderer. In one of his letters to his friend Oswell he said :

"Looking back to Koloben, I have one regret, and that is, I did not feel it my duty to play with my children as much as to teach the Bakwains. Now I have none to play with. So, my good friend, play while you may. They will soon be no longer bairns."

Anna Mary afterwards went to a Quaker school near Kendal, where her two old Scotch aunties were living; and there long afterwards she married Frank Wilson, the nephew of an old friend of her father's. She and her husband for some time worked as missionaries amongst the deep-sea fishermen, and then he became a C.M.S. missionary in Sierra Leone, afterwards acting as chaplain to the troops at Freetown.

Tom, the second boy, had never been strong. He had been born in the wilds, and never really recovered from the hardships he endured as a very young child. In face he was exceedingly like his father, and had something of Livingstone's attractive personality; but ill health always handicapped poor Tom.

Of all his children Agnes was her father's closest friend and companion. She was now old enough to leave off lessons for a time and to be a great deal with him. Tall and slim, with black hair and almost Spanish colouring, Agnes had her father's quietness and courage, and a great deal of the same simplicity and directness of character. During his visit to England

Agnes went everywhere with her father; and when they were apart he wrote to her almost as he would have written to her mother, so closely were they in each other's confidence.

Newstead Abbey was always like a second home to Agnes Livingstone, and she grew up amongst the Webbs almost as if she had been one of their own family. But her father was anxious for her to have a year or two in a French school; so she was sent to Madame Hocédé at Paris. Madame Hocédé had been governess to Queen Victoria's children at Windsor Castle and had an excellent school in Paris. But amongst some of Livingstone's friends of those days this plan of sending his girl to a French school was thought rather unusual. Paris they looked upon askance, as being "everything that it shouldn't be." In this, as in so many other things, he followed his own convictions. He had a great admiration for the French, and Agnes gained much from her schooldays in Paris. She afterwards married Alexander Low Bruce of Edinburgh —the man to whom Scotland chiefly owes its Royal Geographical Society. Mr and Mrs Livingstone-Bruce had much to do with the suppression of the slave trade in Africa, for they had large estates in East Africa, and he was chairman of the African Lakes Company. Mrs Livingstone-Bruce endowed the "Livingstone Gold Medal" of the Scottish Geographical

Society in memory of her father. It has been given to many notable travellers, and amongst the wearers of the Livingstone Medal was Lord Kitchener himself.

Little Oswell Livingstone was two years younger than Tom, and was at school at Hamilton. His master wrote to Dr Livingstone telling him that Oswell was going to receive several prizes on breaking-up day, and asking him to come and pay the school a visit. Accordingly Livingstone and Anna Mary went down to the school, and Oswell heard his father address the boys after the prize-giving. It was a very short speech as speeches go; for Livingstone told the boys he had just two things to say to them all: "Fear God, and work hard."

The one thing that worried Livingstone was having to make public speeches. He never got over his dislike of hearing his own voice on a platform. The speech before the British Association at Bath was the worst of all; preparing it was a dreadful thought to him. In his Journal he has the following entry:—"Worked at my Bath speech. A cold shiver comes over me when I think of it. Ugh!"

When the "Bath speech" was finally delivered he gave "desperate offence," as Dr Blaikie says, to the Portuguese. Livingstone denounced their attitude towards slavery so warmly that, as he described it to his friend Webb, "they were cussin' and swearin' dread-

ful." Livingstone had good reason for what he said. He liked the Portuguese personally, as nearly all travellers do; and he did not believe their home Government approved of slavery; but he thoroughly exposed the way in which individual Portuguese took part in the slave traffic in East Africa. Nowadays the Portuguese republic are doing their best to reform bad conditions in their colonies, and the latest reports from Africa show us that they are improving the conditions of native labour.

Livingstone kept a most marvellous log of all his doings in Africa. He never found an insect or a flower but he noted it down. He now thought of writing another book of his travels, and his good friends the Webbs of Newstead Abbey, near Nottingham, offered him a room in the tower of their wonderful old house if he would come and stay with them and there write his book on the Zambesi. His daughter Agnes (afterwards Mrs Livingstone-Bruce) came with him to Newstead, and while there was confirmed by the Bishop of Lincoln, her father preparing her himself for her confirmation.

No one who had seen Livingstone at Newstead could ever have described him as "dour" or grim. It was one of the happiest times of his life; and he enjoyed every moment of his stay in that delightful old English house, in thoroughly congenial society. The house was

always full of young people, and Livingstone loved children. The Marquise de Lasteyrie, then a little girl at Newstead, used to remind her sister, now Mrs Fraser, of absurd questions which Livingstone would ask her: "What's the capital of Timbuctoo?" adding in a whisper: "Say *capital T*, of course."

The Christmas of 1864 was kept in true old-fashioned style; and Livingstone was not at all content to be a mere spectator in the charades and dances which were held in the old Abbey hall. One night while playing blind-man's-buff with the children Livingstone chased his tormentors about with such vigour that he dashed himself against a sharp corner of the huge stone fireplace and had to be given first aid.

Another delightful Newstead picture is that of Mr Webb, the squire, getting up early one grey morning to shoot duck on one of the big private lakes and catching a poacher in the act of bagging "the early birds" himself. The poacher was, in fact, one David Livingstone—clothed in most disreputable garments and wet to the skin, but thoroughly happy and unrepentant.

There were a number of ponds at Newstead, and in one of them was a wire fish-trap. In this trap Livingstone took a great interest, and Mrs Fraser of Newstead once told the present writer a very characteristic story of

him which gives us an amusing little picture of the Doctor as he was. There were few points on which he was more particular than in keeping Sunday as a day of rest. In Africa Livingstone always spared his men on Sunday, and saw that his beasts, too, had the whole day "off." On one occasion, it is true, he was obliged to break that rule, in order to secure the safety of his ship; but that exception "proved the rule." His views on this point were so well known that he generally influenced those hunters and travellers who happened to be with him, and made them careful to do the same. His friends at Newstead never thought of having a carriage out on Sunday, and were most careful not to give their servants any unnecessary work to do on that day.

On this particular Sunday, after morning service, the squire, Mrs Webb, Colonel Goodlake, V.C., and Dr Livingstone strolled down to see the fish-trap in the pond; and, quite forgetting for the moment that it was Sunday, they drew up the wire trap and found inside it a remarkably fine perch. They were half-way across the park towards the Abbey, Doctor Livingstone bearing the big perch in triumph, before Mrs Webb realised the scandal that their appearance would probably cause. Doctor Livingstone fishing on Sunday! She and the squire advised the delinquent to do as Charlie had done with the salmon at Blantyre

—namely, to stick that fat perch into the most convenient hiding-place. "No," said Livingstone; "if we did it, let us not conceal it. There was no harm in it." So they boldly carried their prize up to the front door. Colonel Goodlake, much impressed by the Doctor's honesty, came rushing indoors, and, meeting one of the family, exclaimed: "I do respect Livingstone. He is a real good man!"

One of the rooms at the Abbey had a constant fascination for Livingstone. It had been the orangery in Lord Byron's days, but was now a sort of workroom and museum in one. All sorts of natural history "specimens," fossils and stones were kept in this den, and Livingstone and his friend the squire were always adding to their number. There they would spend hours over a microscope, or in examining sundry glass bottles containing trout ova. Their experiments in trout-breeding certainly gave them plenty of problems to solve, and the microscope suggested all kinds of theories to the Doctor's ingenious mind in connection with tropical fevers and diseases.

During their stay at Newstead Mrs Webb arranged that Agnes Livingstone should "come out" at the Annesley ball. Annesley is one of the most interesting old houses in Nottinghamshire, and that ball of 1865 was a notable one. Livingstone was very proud of his daughter's beauty and charm, and in his own

way, no doubt, he enjoyed the evening as much as she did. Mrs Fraser describes another very amusing scene at Newstead which took place about the time of the ball. There was a most eccentric old lady living near, whose name was Mrs Cottle. She was something of a celebrity, for she had invented a new religion, "the Cottle Dispensation," and was constantly "memorialising" various unlucky members of Parliament. Unfortunately for Livingstone, his name appealed to Mrs Cottle, and she referred to him freely and frequently, to his great annoyance, as "The Living Stone." Soon her pamphlets and "putty-coloured" books began to flow in by every post, and poor Livingstone looked forward with absolute terror to the arrival in person of the authoress herself.

One snowy afternoon, just as it was growing dark, the butler announced the advent of an unknown lady to see Doctor Livingstone. His despairing looks were all in vain, and the whole family, convulsed with laughter, watched the poor doctor go to his dreaded interview. The lady appeared to be of uncertain age and rather strange appearance, but she soon relieved his fears by stating she was only a niece of the prophetess, and came merely to arrange for an interview. As "the niece" showed no signs of departing, her victim was hard put to it to entertain her; but at last, in desperation, he suggested it was getting very dark, and might

it not be better to ring for her carriage. The carriage, it appeared, was some way from the front door, owing to the deep snow, but rather than face his tormentor any longer Livingstone joyfully offered to wade through the drift beside the lady. As they stood in the porch together he was suddenly greeted by a roar of laughter, the disguise of the Cottle niece was torn away, and Livingstone, to his relief and astonishment, beheld the laughing features of Miss A——, who was one of the Newstead house-party. No one enjoyed the practical joke more than the Doctor himself, and he never heard Mrs Cottle's name mentioned without laughter.

Livingstone hated being "lionised," but he enjoyed many a delightful party at Newstead, where he was surrounded by so many old and congenial friends, amongst whom at this time were Sir Roderick and Lady Murchison, Sir William Fraser and his brothers, Colonel Gerald Goodlake, Lord Ossington and Sir Henry Rawlinson.

While he was at Newstead Lord Palmerston sent a special messenger asking Livingstone what he could do for him. Livingstone asked nothing whatever for himself; it never even occurred to him to think of decorations or rewards. His answer to the minister was: "Free access to the Shiré Highlands by the Zambesi and Shiré rivers, to be made good by a treaty with Portugal."

In June a sudden telegram came from Scotland, and Livingstone arrived just too late to see his mother alive. He left Hamilton feeling terribly alone in the world. But in London he met the man whom of all others he clung to—the great hunter, William Oswell. In a letter to Mrs Webb at Newstead he wrote: "I love him with true affection, and I believe he does the same to me; and yet we never show it." Oswell, who was one of Dr Arnold's boys at Rugby, gave his friend *Tom Brown's Schooldays* to read, and Livingstone read and enjoyed every page of it. He saw Oswell himself between the covers of that book, "always doing what was brave and true and right."

CHAPTER XVIII

"THE CHARM AND TERROR OF AFRICA"

"I don't know whether I am to go on the shelf or not. If I do, I make Africa the shelf!"

(LIVINGSTONE *to* WALLER, 1863.)

A LITTLE to the north of the mouth of the Rovuma River is a typical East African bay called Mikindani. There at the end of March, 1866, might have been seen a strange-looking Arab dhow. It contained as queer a collection of beasts and men as one could wish to see, and might easily have been an Arab caricature of Noah's Ark. On board were six camels, three Indian buffaloes and a buffalo calf, four donkeys, two mules and, last but not least, a poodle named Chitane, which owned as devoted master and follower an explorer named David Livingstone.

"The charm and terror of Africa" and the call of the wild had brought this traveller back to the old haunts once more. The dhow contained the material for a new voyage of discovery. The Government had appointed him British Consul—with no salary, and "no pension," it was clearly to be understood. But his friend Sir Bartle Frere at Bombay had made

him a sort of ambassador to the Sultan, and Livingstone had been able to accumulate just what he wanted for his third expedition to find the great lakes.

All these different beasts of burden were an experiment; so were the men whom he had with him. There were ten natives from Johanna; nine negro boys from the Nassick mission in India; two Yao men (ex-slaves); two men of Shupanga; thirteen Mohammedan Indians from Bombay. It must have been as difficult to keep the peace among the men as among the beasts. An angry buffalo very soon disposed of one of the donkeys. It took Livingstone all his time to prevent the Indians from ill-treating the animals. He had sold his little ship, the *Lady Nyassa*, and nearly his whole fortune was now in his pocket, or in that Arab dhow; but Livingstone never thought of money at any time; and instead of making a vast "pile" out of Africa, as he might easily have done, he remained a poor man to the last.

When his menagerie had been disembarked his troubles began afresh. Chitane, the poodle, was the only member of the party who was perfectly happy and contented. He and Livingstone and the Johanna men at last pushed on ahead and came to Mtarika's.

All along that route was absolute desolation. The country had been made a valley of dry bones by the slave raiders. Livingstone saw

pathetic groups of dead slaves at every turn of the road; skeletons tied to trees; dead slave women lying stabbed by the path-side. Some slave men, lying with the heavy yokes about their necks, were too weak to tell him where they had come from. There were often mere children lying there abandoned by the road-side in chains.

His own men from India gave Livingstone a most annoying time. They lied and thieved, and ill-treated his beasts, till at last, in disgust, he paid them off and got rid of them. In fact, so far the expedition seemed a downright failure. But Livingstone never used such a word as "failure" in his life. He pressed on, reached the eastern shores of Lake Nyassa, and crossed the mountains to a village on the south-western shore. There they had such alarming news of the Zulu slavers that Livingstone's Johanna men deserted and fled. The runaways reached Zanzibar, and to account for their desertion made up ingenious lies about Livingstone being a prisoner among the Zulus. So likely a tale it seemed that Livingstone's friends sent out a search expedition to find him, headed by his old chum, Edward Young.

At the beginning of the year 1867 a report reached England that Livingstone was dead. It sounded such a possible story that nearly everyone at home believed it; and just for a moment even Oswell himself gave up hope,

although he had always refused to listen to similar rumours of his friend's death or disappearance. The old hunter shut himself up in his room for many hours, overcome with grief. But suddenly he entered the room where his wife was, with quite a different look on his face, and said: "I have been writing to Sir Roderick Murchison to tell him that I believe the story to be a lie. I have most carefully considered it, and I find the men talk of returning after the skirmish, in which they say Livingstone was killed, to bury their dead. Why, not one of them would stop to bury his *father* if there was the slightest risk. If the rascals have lied in one part of their story, I disbelieve it all. They ran away and left him, that's all!"

After that Oswell quietly stuck to his belief, although nearly everyone, except his friend, William Webb, had given up hope of Livingstone's safety. He occupied himself with his roses and his horses and dogs in his beautiful home at Groombridge, and gradually set about arranging his enormous collection of "heads" and African trophies in the hall. He loved each one of those "heads" as only a hunter can, for they recalled many memories of happy hunting-grounds, and of travels with Baba Daud in the wilds. In January, 1868, came news of the terrible distress in Ireland, and Oswell took down one of the best of his

trophies from the wall, the huge tusk of an African elephant, and sold it for the benefit of the Irish. It was a big sacrifice to make, but one that was thoroughly characteristic of him.

At this time Agnes Livingstone had a letter from Oswell, in which he assured her that her father must be safe. "In my opinion," he wrote, "he is easily the first of all travellers alive or dead. . . . Perhaps after all the Doctor (though I for one fervently hope not) will return upon his tracks. He is so plucky, enduring and *awfully obstinate* that I'm sure he will not if he can help it." A few months afterwards a wildly exciting note arrived from Agnes. She had received authentic news at last of the safety of her father. Oswell's message in reply was short but characteristic:

"'*Alive and well, but destitute*'—that's all right! What *can* he want with trousers when no one else has them? Thank God that he is all right. . . . Hurrah for the Dad about Midsummer!"

In due course a letter arrived from Livingstone himself. It had been actually written in October, 1869, but was not dispatched for nearly a year afterwards. Probably there was no letter-carrier at hand whom the Doctor could trust to carry his note to the coast in the cleft of a forked stick. It was dated from "Manyuema Country (say 150 miles west of

Ujiji)." He was still on the track of the mysterious River Lualaba, whose destination westward he was as certain as ever must be the Nile; "but," he added, "I must go and see. . . . I have been greatly hindered by want of attendants. I long sorely to retire. . . . I am dreaming of finding the lost city of Meröe . . . the reality reveals that I have lost nearly all my teeth . . . and while I feel that all my friends will wish me to make a complete work of the exploration, I am at times distressed in thinking of my family." He named part of the River Lualaba after his friend Webb, and the spring where the Kafué was said to rise he called "Oswell's Fountain."

After the desertion of his rascally followers Livingstone trudged on sturdily with Chitane, his plucky little poodle, and some Yao porters. His one object was to discover Lake Bangweolo and the great waterway which he was certain led into the very heart of Africa.

Poor little Chitane, game to the last, was drowned in the Tshimbwe River, and Livingstone felt his loss very keenly. Farther on in a great forest he had another very serious loss. His porters deserted with their packs, and in one of them were his quinine and all his drugs. For a moment Livingstone almost gave in: "I felt," he wrote, "as if I had now received the sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie." But in spite of fever and ex-

haustion he forced himself to go on, and crossed the stream which farther west becomes the great River Congo. It rained incessantly, and the country was depressing in the extreme, but at last he reached the village of the chief of the Ba-bemba, a man named Chitapangwa.

Chitapangwa had a fat, jolly face and a loud laugh, but was a most incorrigible old rascal. Twenty-four skulls ornamented his stockade. He asked Livingstone why he was making this awful journey; and when the Doctor replied, "For the public benefit," the chief slowly pulled down the under lid of his right eye. It is a common gesture in North-Eastern Rhodesia at the present day, and signifies the schoolboy question: "Do you see any green in my eye?" Unluckily for Livingstone, his cowardly boys "gave him away" in treating with this chief. Out of pure terror they assumed "a chirping, piping tone of voice" in speaking to the chief, and Chitapangwa thought they were afraid, and might be robbed quite easily.

Livingstone's own method of speaking to African kings is shown by his interview with Moamba, whose village he entered in February.

Moamba had a cast in his eye, and was "a stout, public-house-looking person." He asked Livingstone what on earth he wished to buy, if it was not slaves or ivory. "The only thing I have seen worth buying," answered Livingstone, "is a fat chief like you as a specimen, and

a woman feeding him with beer." This greatly tickled the fat chief, and he was perfectly friendly with the white man.

Livingstone struggled on, getting weaker with fever. Every step seemed to "jar in his chest," and there was a constant buzzing in his ears. The rain had set the "driver ants" on the move, and they settled on his head and legs in clouds, biting viciously. On the last day of March he came to the south end of Lake Tanganyika.

This great inland sea, which had been first sighted nine years before by Burton and Speke, was the most beautiful lake Livingstone ever looked upon. It lay absolutely calm amidst tree-clad mountains and rocks of a bright red schist. The valley where he stood was alive with game, and he saw great herds of elephants moving slowly down to water at the lake. All that night he heard the roar of lions; but Livingstone could think of little but the fever which had him in its grip, and almost reduced him to insensibility. When some elephants came close to his tent, he was too weak to hold his gun steadily, and fired at close quarters without hitting them.

In the valley of the Lofu he fell in with some Arabs, and spent more than three months with them at the village of a chief named Tshitimbwa. The principal Arab, Hamees, was very kind to him, and Livingstone attended

his wedding. The bride was a rather stout woman, carried in native fashion "pickaback" to her husband's house. Livingstone was much amused to hear the bridegroom murmur to himself as his guests left him: "Hamees wadim tagh!"—"See to what you have brought yourself!" While there he met the famous slave raider Hamidi, better known as Tippoo Tib, whose doings became so notorious in the Upper Congo.

The country round had been desolated by a great native war; but as soon as he was able to move Livingstone pressed on to Lake Mœro, and there entered the kingdom of a great chief or "Kazembe."

This personage had a bad squint, and a heavy, uninteresting countenance. He kept a wretched little court dwarf with a crooked back, whose antics were the only things that could make the monarch smile.

For the least offence he cut off his subjects' ears or hands, and Livingstone felt anything but comfortable when the court executioner with ear-cropping scissors came close and had a lingering look at him. All this time his own men had been deserting him by ones and twos, and he was left at last with only five attendants. It was like the song of *The Ten Little Nigger Boys*, and he quite expected that in due time there would be "none."

On 18th July 1868 he discovered Lake

Bangweolo, and just escaped a most bloody war in the Kazembe's country between native traders, Arabs and Zulus. Livingstone thought that he must have come upon the sources of the Nile; but he was wrong in that, as the map will show us.

It was a very sick man indeed that arrived many months later in Ujiji, on the north-eastern shores of Lake Tanganyika. For some time his men had had to carry him in a sort of swinging cot made of boughs. Travelling in a hammock through African streams and over difficult country is anything but a joy. It looks nice in a picture; but it is not. Livingstone found, as Bishop Hannington did, that "shank's mare" was far pleasanter and safer. He had had a great influence over the Arabs while he was with them; and although they couldn't see his point of view at all, they kept from slave raiding to avoid wounding his feelings. He was glad to join an Arab caravan on the other side of the lake; and travelled with them off and on for some distance, utterly regardless of his health, and hardly bothering to change his wet clothes so eager was he to reach the Lualaba River (the Upper Congo). By the time he reached it his Nassick boys were reduced to three; the rest had deserted.

It was at Nyangwe on that river that Livingstone came in for a horrid scene. There were constant blood feuds between the Manyema

and the Swahili; and one summer morning when the market was at its height in the village of Nyangwe a quarrel broke out and the Swahili fired upon the crowd of native women. Livingstone was walking about the market, and had a narrow escape. Out of about fifteen hundred people, mostly women, at least four hundred were shot down in cold blood. Men and women rushed in a panic-stricken throng to the river and threw themselves into the water to escape to an island a mile off. But one by one they sank, picked off by Arab bullets, and the alligators saw to the rest.

This scene made a vivid impression on Livingstone. "It gave me the impression of being in Hell," he wrote. In a letter to his daughter Agnes he said: "From what I have seen of slavery I say exaggeration is a simple impossibility. I go with the sailor who, on seeing slave traders, said: 'If the devil don't catch these fellows, we might as well have no devil at all.'" He wrote a full account of this and other scenes like it to the Foreign Secretary, and the accounts published in our newspapers sent a thrill of horror through this country. A Royal Commission was appointed, and Sir Bartle Frere was instructed "to concert measures for bringing African slavery to an end." It took long years before that actually came to pass. In 1891 Nyassaland became a British protectorate, and a war to the death

began with the Arab slave raiders. Four years later their last stronghold in Central Africa was stormed and taken, and now for twenty years Livingstone's Africa has been *free*.

CHAPTER XIX

"BULA MATALI"—THE STONE-BREAKER

"Father Nile presents his compliments . . . and begs leave to inform the world that at the suggestion of Dr Livingstone he has removed his headquarters to a delightful region, about eleven degrees south of the Equator, where for the present he is to be found by his friends. *N.B.*—You are heartily welcome to any refreshments which you may bring with you. Niggers about here don't need to be shot!" (*Punch*, 1869.)

THE cruel scenes Livingstone had witnessed gave him a horror of the Arabs. He could hardly bear to have one near him; and what made it worse was the fact that the Manyema tribes evidently thought Livingstone himself a bosom friend of their Arab enemy. All the way back to Ujiji unseen Manyema hung upon the trail of his caravan. As the desperately sick man was carried through the dense vegetation or through the dark aisles of the forests, invisible hands cast spears, or laid ambushes to kill him. One of these spears grazed his neck, another missed him by a few inches. Big trees were sawed through and came crashing down upon him as he passed; he had many narrow escapes from death. It was only when he reached a clearing and met a great chief of the Manyema

that he was able at last to convince them he was their friend.

At last he reached Ujiji, only to find that all his belongings had been stolen, and he was dependent upon savages for food and shelter.

The Manyema were a good-looking people, very vivacious and gay. But Livingstone soon discovered he had fallen into a nest of cannibals. They ate human flesh because they liked it, and spoke quite openly to Livingstone of their horrid feasts. A quarrel with his wife often ended in a Manyema husband killing her and eating her heart mixed up with a mess of goat's flesh, or cooked with bananas. They were fond of their meat "high," and would bury a dead body for a day or two in forest leaves till it was in the state they liked best to find it. One man showed Livingstone a string of ten human jaw-bones, and described how he had killed and eaten their owners, laughing heartily when the white man showed his disgust. However, they were quite kind and courteous, and had honest and gentlemanly manners.

Livingstone saw numbers of hideous chimpanzees in the forests. These big apes, or *sokos*, as the Manyema called them, were painfully like human beings, but the people speared and ate them when they could trap or catch them in their nets. The *sokos* which Livingstone discovered may have been a new variety

of the chimpanzee family, or they may perhaps have been just a larger sort of common chimpanzee. They were certainly most interesting beasts. Sir H. H. Johnston thinks they were probably the same kind of apes as those found by Emin Pacha in the country farther north. These *sokos* are pale yellow in colour, and walk upright like a man. They are most mischievous creatures, and as full of tricks and whimsies as little street *gamins* or any of the *bander-log*. When a Manyema woodsman is at his work in the forest he may suddenly have a grinning *soko* leaping out upon him in playful mood just to see if it can frighten him. Or a Manyema mother may raise her head from her work to see a *soko* making off with her baby, and a breathless sprint will take place to the nearest tree. Up the tree will go *soko* and toto, the unlucky baby, held perhaps upside down against the robber's breast, the frantic mother screaming below. However, a bunch of bananas will generally tempt the thief to come down, and presently to drop the baby at its mother's feet.

If, however, a *soko* is attacked he becomes anything but a joke to his foe. In an instant the big ape advances on the man, seizes his enemy's wrist in a hairy hand—and bites off his fingers.

Livingstone mentions several other traits peculiar to *sokos*, amongst which, he says, are a most affectionate family feeling and (unluckily

for the traveller) a love of hearing their own voices. Sometimes they would hold a sort of concert round the boles of hollow trees, drumming on the tree trunks with their fists, and screaming at the top of their voices. He slyly adds that their "singing" rather reminded him of similar efforts on the part of the Manyema themselves.

While Livingstone lay sick he had a tame *soko*, which made herself a little nest beside him and slept in his hut. Her expressions were most human, and she would draw a covering over her when she went to bed, and wipe her skinny little hands with a leaf.

The sick man thought himself hopelessly cut off from home; but all this time his friends in England had been working hard for his rescue. Mr Young's search expedition had failed to find him, but it brought back news that Livingstone was still alive, and every newspaper was full of the subject of Livingstone. Edward Young's expedition had been carried out with extraordinary pluck and ability. In eight short months this faithful friend of Livingstone brought his search-party to Mponda's, at the south end of Lake Nyassa, gained the news he came to seek and returned to England. With a steel boat, brought with them for the purpose, they sailed up the Zambesi in canoes; ascended the Shiré to the cataracts; found some of Livingstone's

A Perilous Journey

Unseen Manyema cast spears at the sick man, laid ambushes to kill him and sawed trees so that they might fall and crush him as he passed under them.

Makololo friends to help them; put their collapsible boat together below the falls; rowed up the Upper Shiré to Lake Nyassa, and finally found men at Mponda's who had actually seen Livingstone deserted by his lying Johanna servants and who had news of his journeyings up-country. *Where*, however, in all the dark continent Livingstone might at that moment be found no one could possibly say. When the search-party returned early in 1868 and gave the news there was immense excitement, and every day new theories were offered as to Livingstone's whereabouts. A long-belated letter from the Doctor himself to his friend Oswell described his discovery of Lake Bangweolo; but after the date when that letter was written there was a long pause of several years with no news whatever, and many people were quite convinced that Livingstone was lost for good and all.

In the meantime an expedition under Lieutenant Dawson, R.N., set out to find Livingstone. With the lieutenant were two other naval officers, young Oswell Livingstone, and the Reverend Charles New (the first man who climbed Mount Kilimanjaro to the snow-line). The Royal Geographical Society and the Government contributed towards this expedition; but it was not fated that a British search-party should have the honour of finding Livingstone.

There was living in America an enterprising young journalist named Henry Morton Stanley. He was British by birth, and had the name of being a particularly daring war correspondent. The son of the proprietor of *The New York Herald* knew that if he could be the first to discover Livingstone it would mean a most tremendous "boom" for his paper. Making up his mind with characteristic Yankee quickness, he sent for Stanley, told him to spend what he liked, and to set out immediately for Central Africa via Turkey, Palestine, Egypt, India and Zanzibar. He evidently hoped to kill several birds with one stone, and gain much "copy" for *The New York Herald.*

Stanley had never been in Africa before; but he was a most indomitable man, an extraordinary mixture of excitability and dogged tenacity and pluck. His object was to find Livingstone and to be first in the field; and so he threw a maze of mystery about his journey in order to put other seekers off the scent. He had as fine an expedition fitted out as dollars can buy, and drove refractory porters before him in a way that soon convinced them that he "meant business." The natives had an unbounded admiration for Stanley. To them he was a very great chief indeed; and the extraordinary way in which he scorned all danger and fatigue, and yet insisted on his personal comforts, impressed them enormously.

All along that awful route through unknown Africa Stanley had his special bath-tub carried for him; his smart travelling outfit; his silver forks and spoons. He himself wore a sort of braided uniform, with a peaked hat, pierced with holes, like an exaggerated soldier's cap. He was a wonderful man and a leader to be followed through *anything*—his men called him "Bula Matali"—the Stone-breaker.

With unerring instinct this astonishing man fixed on Ujiji from the very first. But when he got about half-way he found himself mixed up in a native war at Unyanyembe. He took the side of the Arabs, and made a mistake; for they were beaten by the great chief of the Nyamwezi, and Stanley found his way blocked. Round he went in a wide circle through the tangled forests, forcing his way through with unconquerable courage, and then facing his small army of porters towards Ujiji once again. At last, after unheard-of exertions, Stanley reached Lake Tanganyika on 28th October 1871.

As Stanley crossed the last ridge of the mountains and saw the little port by Ujiji below him embowered in palm-trees, he gave his excited men the signal, and volley after volley from nearly fifty guns broke the silence of the lake. Three hundred yards farther and they met natives streaming out in hundreds to look at them, and Stanley heard a voice say

"Good-morning, sir."

"Who the mischief are you?"

"I am Susi, the servant of Doctor Livingstone."

"And you?"

"I am Chumah, sir."

Stanley pushed through the crowd and saw a semicircle of Arabs, in front of whom was a white man with a grey beard. He was pale, and looked old and wearied, and had on a consul's cap with a bit of faded gold lace round it, and a red-sleeved waistcoat and grey tweed trousers.

"Doctor Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said he, with a smile, lifting his cap slightly; and next moment Livingstone and Stanley grasped hands.

How much Stanley had to tell the great explorer, whom he had come so far to find, as they sat on the mud platform under the broad eaves of his Arab house. He told him about all the anxiety at home, and about his journey. He told him how the Kaiser of that day had humbled Denmark and annexed Schleswig-Holstein; how the German hosts were round Paris, and the Emperor of the French was a fugitive. Imagine what it would be to a Britisher now to be told in the depths of Africa, *for the first time*, how the Kaiser had forced the war of 1914 upon Europe, and that Britain, France, Russia, Belgium, Italy and Serbia were fighting the German invaders to the

death, in the greatest war the world has ever known. As Stanley went on Livingstone kept saying: "You have brought me new life."

As the days passed by at Ujiji Stanley saw a marked improvement in the health and spirits of the worn and exhausted man. Once more he began to make eager plans for the exploration of the sources of the Nile. Stanley tried his very best to persuade Livingstone to come home with him; and, had the Doctor done so, no doubt he would have been completely restored to health, and might even have lived to enjoy a vigorous old age, as his friend Oswell did in his beautiful English home. But nothing could persuade Livingstone to leave Africa while his work remained unfinished. He told Stanley he would either complete his discoveries or die in the attempt. So the two travellers set out together to explore the north end of Lake Tanganyika, and the Rusizi River, which flows into the lake.

Then Baba Daud and Bula Matali set off in long canoes for Unjanyembe. The native rowers were mad with excitement at the thought of going home, and sent the canoes along at a spinning pace to the sound of a song of triumph:

"We have given the Waha the slip! ha, ha!
The Wavinza will trouble us no more! oh, oh!
Mionvu can get no more cloth from us! hy, hy!
And Kiala will see us no more—never more! he, he!"

There followed long miles of marching through African forest and broad parkland, where both white men had plenty of exciting opportunities for sport among elephants, giraffes, buffaloes and antelopes.

At Unjanyembe a packet of newspapers was waiting for Stanley, and they read with horror of the awful war scenes in Paris and throughout France. "Oh, France," exclaimed Stanley, "such things are unknown even in the heart of barbarous Central Africa!" What would he have said if he had lived to see to-day the ravaged towns of northern France or Belgium?

That was why Livingstone, instead of going home to ease and honours, preferred remaining in Darkest Africa. He must open a way for Christianity into the great continent. Without *that*, he thought, as he spurned the European newspaper with his foot, what good would "civilisation" be to the poor African!

CHAPTER XX

THE END OF THE TRAIL

"'A Quixotic scheme!' some will say. Not it, my friends! For as sure as the sun shines on both Christian and Infidel, the day of enlightenment will come; and though the Apostle of Africa may not behold it himself, the Hereafter will see it, and posterity will recognise the daring pioneer of its civilisation.

(H. M. STANLEY.)

"TO-MORROW night, Doctor, you will be alone."

"Yes; the house will look as though a death had taken place."

Stanley was making a last effort to persuade Livingstone to come with him. But when he found it was no use whatever he gave half of his stores to his friend, and, promising to send him up help from Zanzibar, Bula Matali said good-bye to Baba Daud.

At Zanzibar Stanley met the search-party which had left England earlier in the year, and which had been organised at the incentive of Livingstone's old friend, Sir Roderick Murchison. As we saw, the Geographical Society had partially financed this expedition, and it was under the command of Lieutenants Dawson and Henn. Sir Roderick himself died before the expedition sailed for Africa.

Stanley came upon the party as a complete surprise. They had no idea that anyone else had been looking for Livingstone; and relieved as they were to hear good news of the Doctor, it came as a distinct shock that their own carefully organised expedition was now of no further use. The leaders of the party at once abandoned the enterprise, and made arrangements for their stores to be sent on to Livingstone at Ujiji. It was a terrible disappointment to one of the expedition, Oswell Livingstone. He was barely twenty, and rather a delicate boy, but full of pluck and enthusiasm. He could not bear to think of giving up the journey to Ujiji, and tried hard to persuade the others to go on. Failing in this, he said he would go on alone and find his father. However, common-sense prevailed in the end, and Oswell gave in. It was, of course, no use continuing the expedition, for Stanley assured them that Doctor Livingstone was perfectly safe and in no need of help. And for a boy like Oswell to go on alone, along a route that had taxed the powers even of a Hercules like Stanley, would be sheer madness. So that was the end of that matter.

As for the Doctor himself, when he found himself alone once more, and well supplied with the stores Stanley had given him, he made up his mind to be off again on his travels. With all the old boyish eagerness he set out to find the sources of the Nile. Just this one

effort more and then he would go home! He was determined to succeed this time. But September, 1872, found him once more utterly prostrated by sickness and fatigue. He suffered dreadful agony at times, and yet he set his teeth and forced himself to travel on. It is possible that Livingstone may have been suffering from some form of sleeping sickness. The well-known modern doctor, Dr Sander, thinks so. But it is more likely that his sickness was malaria, that fatal African fever that has killed so many explorers.

The country round Lake Bangweolo was one huge sponge. Day after day he and his men struggled on through the marshes, sometimes up to their chins in water; the rain came down without ceasing from a dull grey sky. When he was too weak to walk or ride his men made a *kitanda*, or stretcher, to carry him on. In the deeper water one of the porters would take him on his shoulders; and then often enough he would trip in the print of an elephant's huge foot and give the sick man a thorough wetting.

In spite of everything, Livingstone's Journal has most amusing entries in it every day of this awful journey. All through the pain and discomfort he noted every beast and bird, and made entries about each place of interest they arrived at. But gradually the writing in the diary becomes more and more shaky, and the

entries shorter, as the hand that held the pencil grew weaker and weaker. 27th April 1873 was the last date Livingstone ever wrote—and opposite it are the words : " Knocked up quite, and remain = recover. Sent to buy milch-goats. We are on the banks of the River Molilamo." One can guess what an effort it was to trace the words. The Zulus had cleared that distressful country of anything so valuable as a milch-goat ; so Livingstone, prostrated with dysentery, had to try and eat pounded millet seed and nuts. What an awful meal for a sick man !

He was now in such pain that he could not face the ordeal of being carried to his *kitanda* outside the hut ; but Livingstone was determined to go on. He told his men to tear down one side of the grass hut and bring the litter close up to his bed. Then he was gently lifted on to the *kitanda* and borne out of the village. When they reached the banks of the River Lulimalo, the mattress was placed in a big canoe, and with infinite pains his men lifted their master on board, and after they had crossed the stream carried him once more in his litter towards Tshitambo's village. He was unconscious when they entered the little village now known as Old Chitono, and rain was beginning to fall. Some of his men had hurried on to Tshitambo's village to prepare a hut for the sick man ; but, not finding one suitable for him, they had to build a new one of

grass and sticks. Until this hut was ready for their master Livingstone's men thought it better to halt for the moment at Old Chitono. As there was a hut close by the pathway, and it was now raining hard, they laid the *kitanda* down under the broad leaves of this hut. In a short time news came that all was ready at Tshitambo's village, and Livingstone was carried there by his men. He was quite unconscious, and it almost seemed as if he had left them already; but when they had placed him on the rough bed in the new hut he recovered consciousness, and his two faithful black fellows, Susi and Chumah, did what they could for him.

"No man is a hero to his valet," runs the proverb; but it was not at all a true one in the case of David Livingstone. If a traveller in Africa has weaknesses his native followers know of them; they are exceedingly shrewd judges of character. It is true they are most of them just big, grown-up children; but they have the child's disconcerting gift of seeing into the heart of a man and knowing what stuff he is made of. Those amusing nicknames, for instance, which natives of Africa give to a white man are astonishingly clever, and hit off the man "to a T." It is safe to say that no explorer has ever been so genuinely loved by his native servants as Baba Daud was. It was not merely that they admired his courage

and appreciated his friendly humour; but they knew him for the simple, great-hearted man he was, and would go through fire and water for him.

Susi was a Shupanga man and had been with Livingstone for more than thirteen years. He had been one of the woodcutters on board the little *Pioneer*. His dark face was a good deal lined, and was slightly marked by small-pox. Chumah was a much younger man, and belonged to a different tribe. He had been a slave boy, and Livingstone had rescued him in 1861, and had taken him with him in the adventurous voyage to Bombay in the *Lady Nyassa*. Chumah's skin was of a light chocolate hue, several shades lighter than Susi's, and his quick, vivacious character could be seen by his merry bright eyes. He admired his older, graver friend enormously, and looked up to him in everything.

As Livingstone lay in the hut at Tshitambo's village these faithful fellows nursed him as tenderly as women.

It is a pathetic picture we have of Chumah bending over the grass bed, holding his master's watch carefully in his big black paw while the dying man wound it for the night with trembling fingers. Two of the Nassick boys, Abraham and Mabruki, who had stuck to their post when the other negroes deserted, were also with him to the last; and so were Majiwara, and Susi's

and Chumah's Manyema wives, Halima and Ntoaika. All their names deserve to be remembered.

The chief of Ilala, Tshitambo, came to visit Livingstone, but he was too weak to do more than smile to his visitor as he stood beside the rough bed. As the hours wore on Livingstone's mind began to wander, and his thoughts flew to that mysterious river which he believed was one of the sources of the Nile. He did not know that in finding that river he had really made one of his greatest discoveries for the world. For it is in reality the Upper Congo, and he had opened a way down the second largest river in Africa. Stanley completed the work that fell from his dying hand, and to-day great steamships ply up and down that vast waterway, and the Congo district is one of the richest countries in all Africa.

Livingstone's thoughts dwelt constantly on the River Luapula as he lay there helpless in the darkness of the hut.

"Is *this* the Luapula?" he asked. "How many days to the Luapula River?" When Susi replied, "I think it is three days off from here, master," Livingstone answered, with a weary sigh: "Oh dear, dear!" Then he roused himself a little and told Susi to put some calomel beside him, and a little water in a cup, and sent the natives away for the night.

The boy Majiwara slept in the hut with

Livingstone, but at four o'clock next morning he suddenly awoke, and, creeping towards his master's bed, he discovered that the sick man no longer lay where they had placed him. Majiwara rushed out to fetch the others, and with four of the men re-entered the hut and lit a candle. By its flickering light they saw Livingstone kneeling by the side of the bed, and something in his attitude as he knelt, with head bent forward in his hands, told them at once that their master had been taken from them. It was May morning, 1873, that David Livingstone passed away.

He had for a long time known quite well that it would be in some such manner that the end of the march would come; and he had his own very strong convictions about that other life to which he would soon be called. "There will be *work* there as well as here," he said to his friend, Sir Thomas Maclear, "and possibly not such a vast difference in our being as is expected." And so we can think of David Livingstone speeding forth from the dark hut at Ilala to the work God had for him to do Elsewhere. Not a doubt of it, it was a real voyage of discovery. His tired body lay in the African wilderness—but his soul went marching on.

It would be hard to find anything finer in the story of Africa than the way in which Livingstone's devoted men behaved after his

death. They determined at once to carry the body of their master to the coast. When the chief Tshitambo heard of their plan he was quite prepared to help them, and the poor fellows collected amongst themselves a big present for the chief, to pay for proper funeral rites. Nothing could be more pathetic than the picture of the native boy Jacob trying to read the Prayer Book over the body of his master, while the African chief and his men, carrying bows and arrows, stood around, and the "mourners" raised their weird keening for the dead. Then Livingstone's men gave him the last salute with their guns, and the body was carried to a hut they had built outside the village, about ten minutes' tramp from Tshitambo's. Round the hut they built a strong stockade to keep off the wild beasts, and there they prepared the body of their master.

The body was embalmed with salt and brandy, and afterwards dried for fourteen days in the sun, the men guarding it all the time. Then they wrapped it closely in calico and enclosed it in a rough cylinder of bark; this again being swathed in sail-cloth and lashed securely to a pole, so that it might be borne on the shoulders of two men.

The heart of Livingstone they placed in a tin box and buried it deep in the centre of the little settlement. Tshitambo, the chief, promised the men to preserve the spot as sacred,

and faithfully kept his word. When he came to die himself his people buried him on the other side of the great tree under which lies the heart of Livingstone.

In 1915, forty-two years afterwards, the place was visited by the last of Livingstone's children. Mrs Livingstone-Wilson found the village of Old Tshitambo (or Chitambo) was now quite deserted and overgrown. In fact, no trace of its site can now be seen beyond a slight thinning in the bush where once the little settlement stood. Over the grave itself stands the tall monument, surmounted by a cross, which was raised some years ago to Livingstone's memory. Livingstone's daughter, as she stood there, was "impressed with the sense of stillness and deep peace of the surroundings where his heart is buried." "I could not help feeling," she said, in a letter to the present writer, "that it was the kind of place where he would have chosen to lie, *entirely*—not simply the weary heart."

When all was ready Livingstone's men set out on the long journey of more than a thousand miles to the coast. At Kwihara they met the other Livingstone Search Expedition sent out by the Geographical Society under command of Lieutenant Cameron, R.N. From the first this second expedition had been unfortunate. Everyone of the party had suffered from fever; and a grandson of Dr Moffat, who was with

them, died of fever at an early stage of the journey. Dr Dillon, another of the party, committed suicide while in the delirium of fever. Cameron and his friends strongly urged Susi and Chumah to bury the body of Livingstone at Kwihara, as they thought it would be next to impossible to carry it through the dangerous Ugogo country. But nothing could persuade the faithful fellows to give up their task. They were absolutely determined to carry their master's body to the coast. Lieutenant Cameron set out alone to Ujiji to see if he could discover any further papers of Livingstone, and the rest of his party returned home.

As for Susi and Chumah and the others, they continued their march to the coast. At the village of Kasekéra the people tried to prevent their passing through, Africans having a peculiar horror of the dead. But Susi and Chumah thought of an ingenious ruse. They cut faggots of mapira stalks and swathed them in cloth to look like their burden; and this they sent back by two of their number in the opposite direction. Then Susi and Chumah carried on Livingstone's body at dead of night, and were soon rejoined by their companions.

Nearly nine months after Livingstone's death, and after the most unheard-of exertions, those faithful creatures carried their master's body into Bagamoio. A cruiser had just

arrived from Zanzibar, and they handed over their burden to the British consul on board.

One of the most extraordinary points in the whole story is the way in which those poor fellows were treated at the end of their heroic journey. Livingstone's body was taken from them without a word of thanks or a question as to their adventures. Susi and Chumah just turned away when all was over, and no one inquired or cared what became of them. But when the body reached England, and the whole story became known, James Young of Kelly sent over at his own expense to East Africa to fetch Susi and Chumah to England. There they stayed at the house of the Reverend Horace Waller, Vicar of Twywell, while he was collecting material to edit Livingstone's *Last Journals*, and were able to give him the details about their master's last few weeks on earth, which otherwise would have been lost for ever. They paid a visit to Scotland later in the year, and in the grounds at Kelly they built an exact model of the Ilala hut where David Livingstone passed away.

On their way north Mr Waller brought Susi and Chumah to Newstead Abbey to see Livingstone's friends, Mr and Mrs Webb. Agnes and Tom Livingstone were also at the Abbey, and the two faithful black fellows attached themselves in a very special manner to their master's son. Mrs Fraser, who was one of the

party, describes Susi's and Chumah's appearance during their visit to Newstead. They were dressed in very thick reefer jackets, with bright round buttons, and blue serge trousers, and they felt the cold very keenly after the African sun. Chumah's sharp eyes noted everything he saw in his new surroundings, and often made very quaint remarks about anything that happened to strike him. One of the guests puzzled him, and he confided to Tom Livingstone that the "flour on the face of the old English lady" was a woeful waste of good food. It was the first time Chumah had seen powder.

Many of her father's things had been sent home, and were in Agnes' possession at Newstead. Among them were the Last Journal, the consular cap and sword, and a spear-head which had been treacherously thrown at Livingstone and nearly cost him his life. Susi and Chumah were very useful in identifying these and other relics of Livingstone. They soon returned to Africa, and one wonders where they settled and what became of those men. Their names deserve to be remembered always for the fine deed they did.

The ship *Malwa*, which bore Livingstone's body back to England, touched at Alexandria, and there Tom Livingstone came on board. They reached Southampton on 15th April 1874, and were met by a P. & O. tug-boat, on board

which were Oswell Livingstone, Stanley and Dr Moffat, while minute-guns were fired from the battery on the shore, and the church bells rang a muffled peal.

On reaching London the body was taken to the Royal Geographical Society's rooms in Savile Row, where it lay in state, and was there identified by Sir William Ferguson, the famous surgeon. There was no possibility of a mistake; for not only was "the false joint" on the fractured left arm, where the lion had mauled it, clearly visible, but the features of the great explorer were wonderfully little changed. Both William Oswell and William Webb, although it was a duty that terribly distressed them both, travelled up to town to look for the last time at the face of their friend. Oswell brought home with him a lock of Livingstone's hair, dark brown still, scarcely tinged with grey.

Three days later Westminster Abbey was crowded in every part to witness the funeral of the greatest African explorer and missionary who ever lived. Mrs Oswell and Lady Augusta Stanley watched the procession from "the leads" as it approached the Abbey. The sea of heads and train of carriages filled Broad Sanctuary, and, as Mrs Oswell said, represented every grade of life, from the Queen to the humblest crossing-sweeper. "The *cumulated* feeling was deeply moving." Among the eight

pall-bearers were Kirk and Oswell and William Webb. At their head marched Stanley, and beside him the native servant Jacob, who represented those faithful black followers whose devotion had restored Livingstone's body to his own countrymen. Perhaps they were the greatest evidence of Livingstone's work. He had shown the world what fine hearts are there to be won in Darkest Africa.

His own heart lies buried in Ilala, which is now the central spot in the new British Africa of to-day. The cruel slave raider is seen there no more. There are mission stations dotted over the whole land. Men whose fathers shot poisoned arrows at the pioneer now farm a prosperous country, or help to lay down the iron rails which connect Central Africa with the busy modern world. Where the witches were burned at Likoma there is a Christian church. On the site of the slave market at Zanzibar stands a great cathedral. And what Africa needs now, and always, are men of the Livingstone spirit. This great war has been teaching us many things; it has made us all want "to do our bit." It has bound the whole Empire together in one tremendous resolve to fight for justice and liberty at whatever cost to ourselves. And so we understand better what David Livingstone fought for, and in Whose service he laid down his life.

Our story is done; and yet no doubt our

readers will naturally want to know a little more about some of the characters whom they have learnt to know and to like so well between the covers of this book.

There is Charles Livingstone, for instance—the "Charlie" of the salmon incident in the first chapter. As we saw, Charles joined his brother in Africa and went with him on more than one of his expeditions in the Zambesi district. After we lost sight of him, his adventurous spirit carried him to America, and he eventually became H.M. Consul at Fernando Po, the vast districts of Benin and Briafra being also added to his consulship. He had great influence among the chiefs, and persuaded them to abolish many cruel customs. But Africa called Charles Livingstone back to her, just as she called David Livingstone, and as she always does call her old lovers back to her in the end. In 1873, the same year that his great brother passed away, Charles died at Lagos of African fever.

As for *M'Tutla*, Livingstone's constant friend —William Frederick Webb—Africa called him back, too, at the last. Had he chosen to accept it, he might have remained in Africa as Governor of Natal. The position was practically offered to him, and it was the sorest trial of his life to refuse it; but he felt that duty compelled him to come home to Newstead and make a home for his children in the old country. One day

his daughter and he came across his old African kit, which had for many long years lain hidden in the drawer of an antique cabinet. "He took out the faded red shirt and *crackers*, and handled—I might almost say caressed—them, with tears in his eyes." "He told me," writes his daughter, "how happy he had been when he wore them last." In Mrs Webb's last illness he and she went back to Africa once more, and the healing air of the Karoo seemed for a time to give her real relief. Then after her death at Weinberg, near Cape Town, he went for a long voyage round the world. But "Africa was his last love, as it had been his first," and it was there he returned in the end. He died at Luxor in 1899, and, like Livingstone, he has an African grave.

Rather more than a year after the beginning of the Great War a German flag, captured in the East African expedition by the late Major Webb of the Legion of Frontiersmen, was unfurled at Newstead Abbey. It hangs there now in the hall, beside many other trophies of Livingstone's Africa—a witness that the true spirit of *M'Tutla* lives there still.

And so we come to *Tlaga*—the closest and perhaps the greatest of Livingstone's friends. William Cotton Oswell, the mighty hunter, was the only one of that adventurous brotherhood who never returned to Africa. In his beautiful home, Hillside, on the borders of Kent

and Sussex, he found his interests in his gardens, his horses and his dogs, and above all in his own boys, whom he brought up to honour the name of Livingstone, to ride straight and to tell the truth. Sir Samuel Baker only said of Oswell what everyone who saw him felt to be true: "All those who knew him regarded him as without a rival, and certainly without an enemy—the greatest hunter known in modern times, the truest friend, and the most thorough example of an English gentleman."

Although his duty kept him at home, he lived almost as active and athletic a life as if he had stayed in Africa with Livingstone. Like Lord Roberts, "he kept himself fit" in case he might be needed anywhere. Early one morning he heard voices in the orchard beneath his bedroom window, and, throwing on some clothes, he rushed down to see who was stealing his fruit. Three men made off in different directions; they were all three young men, and he was fifty years old—and yet Oswell chased and ran down each of the three in turn.

His son tells another story of him a good many years later. "'Found it a tidy load, didn't you?' inquired a carman, as his mate rejoined him after helping to carry a grand piano into the house. ''Tain't likely, is it?' was the reply. 'The master come my end, and you may 'pend upon it he took all the weight hisself.' *The master* was then seventy-two!"

"I pray God not to allow me to outlive my muscles and my brain," he said only a few weeks before his death. And that prayer was answered, for when he passed away in 1893 at the age of seventy-five his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated. Like his friend Livingstone, he died on May Day. His favourite motto was the old Latin rhyme that all schoolboys will recognise, but which one seems to understand more clearly when one reads of such men as Oswell and Livingstone:

"Non per sylvas sed per castra
Nobis iter est ad astra!"

It will always be the motto of all boys, big and little, who try to follow in their footsteps to-day:

"Onward and upward—for men of true stamp
The way lies not by the glades, but the *Camp*!"

(R. B. D.

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